

# The Killing of an Agnew Story A Confusion of Music Critics Lehmann-Haupt on Ali and TV

March 1974 75¢

# (MORE)

## Few Cows Are As Sacred

as David Rockefeller and his Chase Manhattan Bank. Below, a look at how the press fawns over the man and his money. On page 18, an anatomy of the snow job Chase's elite PR corps performs on the willing media.

## Money Makes The Press Go 'Round

BY MADELINE NELSON

Banking establishments may or may not be "more dangerous than standing armies," as Jefferson suggested, but at the very least they would seem to be news. And Chase Manhattan, perhaps the most visible and powerful bank in the world, would seem to be big news. At the end of 1973, Chase had assets of \$36.7 billion, and that's just the beginning. The bank holds another \$10 billion in custody. It is the trustee for some 1,400 public bond issues worth several billion more. It is the paying agent for \$20 billion in public debt. Moreover, Chase holds \$15 billion in trust for widows, workers, pension funds and, doubtless, the Rockefeller boys, the youngest of whom, 59-year old David, is probably the most powerful banker in the world.

David absolutely fascinates the media. Last December, CBS pursued him around the world as he gave a dinner for Prime Minister Heath, shook hands with President Pompidou and wined and dined with Premier Kosygin. Back home in Westchester County, David splashed about for the cameras in his Pocantico Hills pool with some high-rolling Chase customers. When the nation's newspapers and magazines are not recording Chase's quarterly reports, they eagerly dog its chairman for pronouncements on Important Matters. As David Rubin points out in his article on Chase Manhattan's public relations operation (page 18), the molding of David Rockefeller into a World Business Statesman is no accident. It is a carefully orchestrated plan to take the heat off the bank itself. And it works.

Given the middle-class mentality of most reporters and editors, David Rockefeller would probably be a media darling without the PR machine. After all, he has all that money. But his bank has even more, and nobody seems much interested in all those

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Madeline Nelson is a free-lance writer who keeps checking accounts at First National City Bank in New York and the Bank of America in California.



Marty Norman

# [MORE]

# LETTERS

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## A Matter of Lifestyle

Re "Getting the Kinks out of the *Times*" (The Big Apple—February, 1974), we have never at any time heard a statement from Joan Whitman that "the family/style page would henceforth concentrate on service and how-to pieces, because there were no new lifestyles to write about."

—Lisa Hammel, Georgia Dullea, Enid Nemy, Virginia Lee Warren, Nadine Brozan, Rita Reif, Angela Taylor, Bernadine Morris, Rick Flaste.  
*The New York Times*  
New York, N.Y.

**A. Cunningham replies:** My sources maintain that during a January staff meeting Joan Whitman said the family/style page had already covered all existing lifestyles. But apparently her reason for turning to service pieces was the appearance of lifestyle articles elsewhere in the *Times*. If Whitman had not refused to talk to me, I might have been able to make this distinction in my article.

## That Mobil Ad

I cannot reconcile the objectives of your magazine with the full-page advertisement by Mobil on page 9 of your February, 1974, issue. If you were truly going beyond the news to tell all the news then you could not accept an ad from a perpetrator of the big rip-off of '74. Apparently you have not been able to see through the bullshit the oil companies have been spreading across the nation, but the only crisis facing them is whether or not they can spend their profits before they die laughing at the bank. I should have hoped your magazine could have shed new light on the true energy crisis but apparently you have sold out, too. Maybe what we need is a [MORE-MORE] that can expose the truth about your magazine. Can we ever trust you again?

—David L. McColloch  
Greenbelt, Md.

## Art vs. Truth

Mr. Schickel is an overly pragmatic critic ("The Truth Went Thataway"—February, 1974). He does not realize that a motion picture, just like any other work of art, is not obligated to render a detailed account of reality merely because it is based on an

## Liebling III Counter-Convention

As promised (threatened?) in this space last month, further details on this spring's A. J. Liebling Counter-Convention appear on the back page of this issue. The dates are still the same: May 10-12. So is the place: New York's Hotel Roosevelt. The entrance fee for these 2.5 days in May is \$15, which covers registration and a subscription to [MORE] for yourself or a friend. So if you're coming, and we hope you are, please fill out the coupon on the back page and send it to us soon.

historical incident. If all scenes in such a film are confused with actual events, only the gullibility of the audience is to blame. Artistic validity is far more important than factual accuracy. Or would Mr. Schickel criticize Shakespeare's histories for the same reason?

—Rainer Steinoff  
Washington, D.C.

Movie critic Richard Schickel makes some interesting points about the disturbing conjunction of the New Journalism and what one might call the New Moviemaking. But I wonder whether the problem demands "a certain reserve" on the part of the media, as he suggests—or precisely the kind of attention Schickel pays it in his piece.

Whether one can properly seek to alter the aesthetic sensibility—and journalistic responsibility—of filmmakers and critics is a moral question perhaps best left to *Cahiers du Cinema*. But the time has certainly come when hard news editors ought to acknowledge the powerful political impact of certain cultural events—films, plays, novels—and cover them accordingly, as news.

That kind of coverage might provide a bit of free publicity, certainly, and gladden the heart of every movie flack. But it also might help illuminate some of the cultural phenomena that shape the way we think about important subjects like police corruption (*Serpico*), politics (*The Candidate*) and foreign policy (*State of Siege*). Granted a movie critic ought not be expected to delve into the factual background of each work he reviews; his business is aesthetic judgment, after all. But there is no reason why some good reporter can't be assigned to investigate the veracity—or propaganda content—of any film with journalistic pretensions and an obvious impact on the way we all perceive the world outside the movie house.

—David M. Alpern  
New York, N.Y.

I found insulting Richard Schickel's treatment of *State of Siege*, which he calls a "disguised Marxist tract." Apparently Schickel doesn't have much respect for one of the 20th century's authentic geniuses. It is true that no one has proved conclusively Mitrione's role in Uruguay. Facts about U.S. para-military operations abroad are a little difficult to get. I did a little checking of my own, to find out what had been written about the USAID police assistance program. I found the following:

• Father Louis Colonnese, director of the Division of Latin America for the U.S. Catholic Conference, wrote in *Commonweal* (Sept. 18, 1970) that Mitrione had assisted police officials in Belo Horizonte, Brazil, where live demonstrations of electrical torture were conducted.

• In Uruguay, where inflation had reached 500 per cent—which may explain the presence of a guerrilla movement, even in such a "democratic" country—the Upper House reported that torture was "normal, frequent and habitual" within the state security apparatus.

• In 1970, USAID spent \$39 million on training and supervising foreign police departments, mostly to counter left-wing threats and supposed threats. It was then training 7,000 foreign cops at the International Police Academy in Washington, D.C., including Thieu's forces, and it had about 90

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# [HELLBOX]

## Continuing Sagas

Though it's been less than a year since the collapse of Nicolas Charney and John Veronis' \$16 million *Saturday Review* adventure, the one-time wunderkinds of magazine publishing are already back in business. *Book Digest*, a less flamboyant phoenix rising out of the ashes late this month, will be narrower in scope and more meagerly staffed than its predecessor. But the rhetoric of its ad campaign has a familiar ring. Gushing about the "nucleus of the contemporary American idea explosion" which "has shifted from the original magazine article to the non-fiction book," one of the ads currently on display in major magazines claims that the new venture is no less than the successor to hardcover books, paperbacks and book clubs—"the most revolutionary step" in the "process" of bringing the "prodigious output" of non-fiction to the public.

Despite the hype, the idea couldn't be simpler. The bulk of the 200-page, bi-monthly *BD* will consist of selections from current or forthcoming non-fiction books. The originator of this "revolutionary" concept is Martin Gross, the founder of *Intellectual Digest*, which at one time was owned by Charney and Veronis. Gross, who will edit *BD*, brought his idea to them last summer, and they agreed to finance it and become the publishers. Though the magazine was never test-marketed, advertisers were guaranteed a first-issue circulation of 100,000, most of it from subscriptions.

Meanwhile, there is the bothersome problem of the bankruptcy Charney and Veronis left in San Francisco, the headquarters of their short-lived magazine. Staffers' individual claims against the liquidated assets of *SR* run as high as \$25,000, only a fraction of which will be recouped. Liquidation and settlement are being arranged under court supervision in accordance with California's Chapter 11 bankruptcy law, otherwise known as Judicial Reorganization. At the outset, each former employee received \$600 (halved by taxes and other expenses), but they will have to wait until spring or later for additional payments, based on a court-approved formula for all creditors: 30 per cent of the first \$1,000 claimed; 24 per cent of the next \$2,000; 18 per cent of the next \$7,000; and 15 per cent of anything over \$10,000.

Although this particular bankruptcy procedure (one of many possibilities in California) was selected to benefit investors, creditors are getting what is generally considered a liberal settlement (normally, the settlement amounts to anywhere from 1-10 per cent). Nevertheless, the lack of ready cash produced hardships for many. The investors, who were prevailed upon to help out, came up with a small, hopelessly inadequate "loan" to cover some severance pay and moving costs. (Norman Cousins, who re-acquired the title *Saturday Review* and the mailing lists, signed over a personal check of \$10,000.)

The investors' loan was insufficient for general managing editor Rob Cowley, for example, even though he received \$800. Though Cowley and his wife threw away 1,500 pounds of

(continued on page 4)

**R**OSEBUDS to Walter Pincus of *The New Republic* for his exceptional one-man Watergate investigation. Pincus, recently elevated to executive editor of the magazine, specializes in putting together disparate pieces of the puzzle from material hidden in the public record—a mine of information that has been too quickly relegated to yesterday's news.

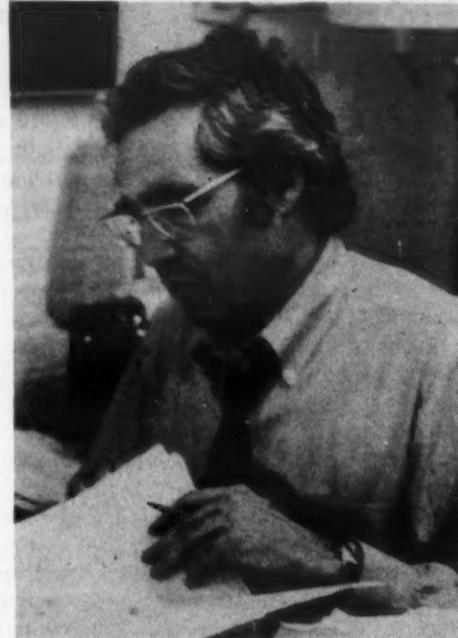
With his first *New Republic* pieces in early 1973, Pincus began comparing statements by Administration officials at the time of the break-in with what sworn testimony later showed they had actually known. John Mitchell, for example, told the press on June 18 that James McCord was the proprietor of a private security agency. Pincus showed that testimony later established Mitchell knew otherwise. From the pattern of contradictions, one could infer the existence of a major cover-up; from the holes in the statements, could deduce bits of truth. "The long term damage of such a cover-up," Pincus wrote prophetically a year ago, "may be far in excess of Watergate itself."

Pincus constructed a comprehensive date-book as an investigatory tool, entering different versions of key events. These contradictory accounts naturally prompted further investigation. Pincus also devised a novel presentation of his material. Rather than advancing the story by quoting sources, Pincus advanced theories of the case by posing unanswered questions. One of his early pieces last spring was built around questions about gaps in the original investigation, suggesting that the FBI hadn't been pursuing the whole truth.

When the Senate Watergate hearings began, Pincus began to direct his questions to the Ervin Committee. Others at the press table, frustrated by the senators' rambling and grandstanding use of witnesses, were moved to pass questions to the committee staff. Pincus asked the questions in print. *The Washington Post* has run several condensed versions of Pincus's *New Republic* pieces, framed as questions for the Ervin Committee. According to Senate aides, the series immeasurably helped focus the committee's investigation.

What the Watergate story has needed is more leisurely analysis and insight. The competition between the dailies to unearth new facts leaves those most conversant with the material with the least time to step back and explore how the pieces might fit together. Pincus's special contribution is his facility for picking out seemingly obscure bits of information from the discarded public record and making connections. The technique, reminiscent of I.F. Stone's, is a badly needed supplement to the prodigious source-reporting of the Woodwards and Bernsteins.

A recent Pincus article raised the possibility that Rose Mary Woods was telling the truth when she first testified on Nov. 8 that she never erased a tape. The con-



Walter Pincus

Bob Kuttner

ventional wisdom in Washington held that this initial testimony was some kind of cover-up, that Woods' subsequent admission of an accidental erasure was reluctantly wrung from her. But suppose, says Pincus, the "accident" story was concocted between her two appearances "to confuse Judge Sirica, the prosecutor, the public, and perhaps take the spotlight away from whomever did the actual erasing." Pincus then backs up this surmise with inconsistencies in the record that tend to contradict Woods' second testimony.

Pincus is one of the few reporters in Washington who once directed a Senate investigation (for Senator Fulbright). His investigator's sensibility has been invaluable to the Ervin Committee and the Special Prosecutor, even though, like Izzy Stone, he has no "sources." He has also devised a more ethical way for a journalist to aid an investigation. The traditional method is to tip the investigator to a lead, and then write that "Investigators are looking into..." Pincus does it publicly, and with the same or better result. "He takes a dilemma," says an Ervin staff aide, "and makes you look at it from an entirely different angle."

That, in a way, is not a bad description of the *New Republic* since Pincus became an editor. The venerable journal has become more provocative, less predictable. Circulation is back to nearly 100,000 and, for the first time in memory, it is breaking even. Publisher Gilbert Harrison, who has been hinting for years that he wants to sell the magazine, may be having second thoughts, though he has had inconclusive discussions with Harvard lecturer Martin Peretz, and with Pincus, who failed to raise sufficient capital when in 1971 and 1972 he tried to launch a *Le Monde*-style daily called *Morning News*.

That may have been a blessing in disguise. Whoever turns out to be the *New Republic*'s next publisher, Pincus is likely to stay on as executive editor.

# [HELLBOX]

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belongings and relinquished some of their furniture, their moving costs totaled \$1,500. Senior editors Charles McLaughlin and Jon Swan were more enterprising. Taking to the streets (actually the street in front of the McLaughlins' home), they divested themselves of half of their possessions during a two-day sale. Among their wares: a complete dinner set made by Swan's wife, sold for 30 cents a plate.

Like the majority of eastern editors temporarily transplanted to California, Cowley and Swan eventually found work—Cowley as an editor at the New York office of Houghton Mifflin and Swan as a high school teacher in Litchfield, Conn. Adding up the salary due under his one-year contract plus other expenses, Cowley says the magazine owes him \$22,000. Swan is claiming \$17,000. Before he began teaching this past fall, he had a "very hard time," he says. "I was borrowing right and left to get through the summer." McLaughlin, twice a loser (*Look* Magazine folded under him in 1971), is free-lance editing and earning one-fourth his former salary.

More fortunate perhaps is former books editor Eliot Fremont-Smith, who after six months without work was hired by *New York*. But even so, his move east (with his wife, child and dog) cost him \$6,000, his savings are gone and he incurred a huge debt to members of his family. Included in Fremont-Smith's claim of \$23,000 is \$8,000 for a bonus guaranteed in his contract. "I should have received it long before the bankruptcy," he maintains. "They kept postponing it and making excuses."

Executive editor Ron Kriss was also lucky in being able to return as a senior editor of *Time*, though he no longer has a bailiwick of his own (he had headed the World section). But Kriss underwent a very worrisome period (a former colleague recalls that "the poor guy was in a state of shock") when it looked as if he might be liable to *SR*'s creditors for \$50,000. The figure represented the equivalent of a stock option, only it was issued while *SR* was still a partnership and therefore unable to give away stock. Instead, a note was issued stating that Kriss (and four others) had each loaned the company \$50,000. "It was an incentive to get us aboard," explains Kriss. At the same time, however, they were to be liable for that sum. A few months before the bankruptcy, a couple of especially nervous members of the group of five approached Veronis and asked him to alter the arrangement. He never got around to it. Happily, Norman Cousins was later able to persuade the court to drop the liability, but the five were out \$6,000 in legal fees nonetheless. "It was a bit of a pisser," says Kriss. "Who wants to go through a fight like this after you've just lost your job?" Among the five, incidentally, was Veronis' brother Peter, now the advertising director of *Book Digest*.

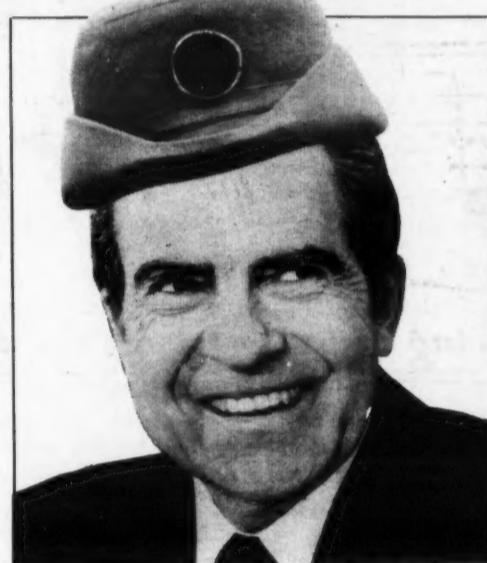
Two creditors yet to file for salary and expenses are former company officers Charney and Veronis. It may be that they refrained from doing so in order to prevent a malfeasance suit. "Deliberate malfeasance" is the only basis for making them personally liable, but the other creditors think that such a suit would be a lost cause. Yet some observers feel that if Charney and Veronis try to dip into the shallow pot, the creditors will bring a malfeasance suit just to

harass them.

Predictably, the former staffers contacted by [MORE] are not inclined to bless the new Charney-Veronis venture. And equally predictably, *BD* editor Martin Gross wishes that all the critics would simply disappear. "You'll be doing yourself a great favor if you forget about the whole thing," he says. "You're wasting your time. They had one success and one failure. Everyone's driving them crazy about the failure. Magazine failure is typical. This is not the steel industry. You have to accept failure. The reason I think we're going to succeed is that I'm a very good editor and we have a very good idea."

—TERRY PRISTIN

## Fly Me, I'm Dick



The ad was spread across two pages of *Newsweek*, and the face was certainly familiar enough to make you look twice. "At the invitation of United States Steel..." explained the kicker, "GEORGE P. SHULTZ CHALLENGES AMERICA TO GREATER PRODUCTIVITY." And there was the Secretary of the Treasury, complacent and cuddly, posing under a portrait of his predecessor, Alexander Hamilton. On the facing page was a short blurb on productivity, purportedly by Shultz, followed by U.S. Steel's current slogan, "WE'RE INVOLVED."

Richard Schock, the U.S. Steelman in charge of the campaign, says the Shultz ad is one in a series of commentaries by prominent figures such as Robert Sarnoff, I.W. Abel, David Rockefeller, Henry Ford, et al. The Shultz pitch also ran in *The Wall Street Journal*, *Washington Post*, and several business magazines. Schock says that an ad man offered Shultz a suggested text, but that the Secretary of the Treasury "tore it up and wrote his own." A spokesman for Secretary Shultz says he sees nothing unusual about a cabinet member appearing in an advertisement for a major regulated company, adding that Shultz has always been interested in productivity and was pleased to have been offered a forum to get the word out.

This could be the start of an entirely new Administration approach to public information. We could imagine William Simon sponsored by

Exxon; or Earl Butz for Hamburger Helper; Rose Mary Woods, brought to you by Uher tape recorders. U.S. Steel admits to approaching at least one other "high official," though it could not be learned whether there are any plans to get President Nixon involved.

—BOB KUTTNER

## Is Contrition B --- shit?

*The Washington Post* reported Feb. 1 that both Alexander Haig and Henry Kissinger had unsuccessfully urged President Nixon last summer to abandon his allegiance to departed White House aides H.R. Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and Charles Colson. The essence of the President's reaction to the advice was summed up in a quote attributed to his press secretary, Ron Ziegler. "Contrition is bullshit," Ziegler had said, according to former White House speechwriter John Andrews, who found the quote in notes of a talk with Ziegler last July 27.

Post reporter Bob Woodward wanted the quote to be published in full and managing editor Howard Simons agreed. But shortly after the story was read to the White House press office on the eve of its publication, Woodward got a call from Andrews. "I just got a call from Ron," Andrews said. "He thinks that if that 'bullshit' quote appears, somebody will translate it into Latin or something and put it under the Ziegler coat of arms. He thinks it will come back to haunt him more than the 'inoperative' statement." Andrews wondered if the quote shouldn't be dropped. Woodward thought it should stay and so did Simons, who ordered it run in full.

But when the first edition came out later that evening, with the story on page one and the quote in the last two lines before the jump to an inside page, it read, "contrition is bullshit." Woodward called the office to complain and was assured the error would be corrected. It was. But in subsequent editions, the quote had disappeared from the front page. A makeup editor, whom Woodward insists has now fallen from grace, had dropped two lines of lead into the front page and moved Ziegler's naughty quote to page 14.

For his part, Kissinger was reported to have said that "contrition is not bullshit."

—BRIT HUME

## Corrections

In bestowing rosebuds on *Philadelphia Inquirer* oil muckrakers James B. Steele and Donald L. Barlett last month we managed to misspell Barlett's name throughout. When Brit Hume, who wrote the piece, dictated it from Washington to New York he spelled the name correctly. Amanda Harris, our proofreader, took the dictation and got the name right, too. But the picture sent us by the *Inquirer* had "Bartlett" written on the back of it. So we checked with the *Inquirer* switchboard and were told that, indeed, that was the proper spelling. Hume, with astonishing good nature, urges that in the future we give more weight to his reporting than to the word of Philadelphia telephone operators, a suggestion we promise to take.



*In which the Critic, being distracted by a passing Mushroom*

Illustrations by Salim Patel

## Fugue for Tinhorns

BY JOSEPH RODDY

A pianist who gets good fees and more recital dates than he wants told me one night a while back that he had spent the whole day wrestling with a short passage in a Charles Ives sonata that was so hard he thought Paul Jacobs could not play it at sight. Jacobs is an associate professor of music at Brooklyn College and the New York Philharmonic's pianist whenever the programs include Stravinsky's *Petrouchka*, Copland's *Appalachian Spring*, Shostakovich's *First Symphony*, or any of the few dozen other orchestral scores that have piano parts. Pierre Boulez was the leader of the avant-garde pack Jacobs ran with in Paris in the 'fifties until Leonard Bernstein hired him into the Philharmonic twelve years ago. "You're the one who plays all Schoenberg from memory," Bernstein said when they met. "How do you know that?" Jacobs asked. "Nadia told me," the conductor answered. That's Nadia Boulanger, 87, who was as *grise* an *eminence* in Twentieth Century music then as Bernard Berenson in Italian Renaissance art.

And that's as many-headed a name-drop as ever gets fitted into such a tight space. But it is all I will offer here to support the claim that Jacobs knows a territory. His is the Schoenberg-Berg-Webern repertoire, which is far more discussed than studied—although not because the scores and

*Joseph Roddy, a [MORE] contributing editor, has written frequently about musical matters over the years for Life, Look, The New Yorker, Harper's and other publications. He is currently writing a biography of S. Hurok.*

**Reviewing the piano works of Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg is a risk-ridden night's work—if Paul Jacobs is in the hall and checking what he hears against what the music critics write.**

recordings are inaccessible. Some of it was composed 65 years back, but 12-tone or tone row tunes still won't whistle. Mozart arias hang in the memory like *Adeste Fideles*, but Schoenberg's *Five Piano Pieces* (Opus 23) are as easy to keep locked in the brain as any 25 pages of *Finnegans Wake*. Which makes writing reviews of recitals in that repertoire a risk-ridden night's work if Paul Jacobs is in the hall and checking what he hears against what the critics write.

He was in Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center last Oct. 23 when it was close to filled for the New York debut of 36-year-old Marie-Francoise Bucquet. She is the sporty Parisian who started her career in New York last fall with not just one recital of Twentieth Century piano music, but with four of them in a series of programs covering the territory from Schoenberg-Berg-Webern to Boulez-Berio-

Stockhausen. All those seats in Tully could not be filled by armed force for such fare, but a real smoke-blowing promotion might do the trick, especially if the press could seem to be causing the stir instead of being stirred by it, or by the lady on the top line of the program reading Alix Williamson Presents.

About half Bucquet's first-nighters were promoted into coming by Alix Williamson and the other half were coming to see who had been promoted into coming. The objectively curious landed in the short line at the box office. Once inside Tully Hall they found the premises lightly papered but otherwise resplendent with big presences from the A-plus list Virgil Thomson called The Intellectual Audience. Its members are the big presences who feel summoned to such recitals when the word has been passed that even bigger presences will appear, the biggest one in sight that night being Virgil Thomson himself.

Few debut recitals get more than a line in the week's listings, and unknowns playing unknowables often fail to get that shred. But two weeks before Bucquet's entrance, Alan Rich, *New York*'s critic, pointed to a new Stockhausen-Berio record of hers and wrote that it was "enough to convince me not to miss these concerts... Miss Bucquet has a flair for this kind of hard work that goes beyond most of her colleagues." A week before the live show opened, *New York Times* critic John Rockwell fixed his endorsement on her Stockhausen-Berio disk as well as another she filled with Stravinsky pieces. "Miss Bucquet is clearly a pianist of stature with a mind of her own,"



Rockwell wrote, "and these two disks do succeed in whetting one's appetite for her forthcoming concerts."

Two days before the first of them, there was her picture in the *Times* surrounded by a short interview by Raymond Ericson, an old hand on the paper's music staff. Macy's had taken full-page ads in years past to bow in corporate tribute to the Metropolitan Opera, The New York Philharmonic, The Royal Ballet from London and other establishments of that rank; and a week before Bucquet played in New York, Macy's devoted a page to her. She was an hour-long guest in Robert Sherman's "Listening Room" on the *Times*' radio station, WQXR, where the host and the guest passed the time admiring her records. Her picture had been emplaced in the vitrines outside Tully Hall months before she appeared to perform, and there she was again as a window display at Rizzoli's—the very toniest bookstore in New York. Alix Williamson made all that happen, and good for her; she's not in the aesthetic judgment dodge.

**S**o many inflated reputations based on imported records have collapsed on the recital stages here in years past that the record industry is now armed with a cautionary jape about the genus Promising Young Pianist. Goes this way: Another P.Y.P. arrives at his record producer's (i.e. tape splicer's) office to hear how 865 separate slips of iron oxide coating have been melded into one seamless toccata. As the tape unwinds, the P.Y.P. is mute with delight. "Marvelous, isn't it?" the producer-splicer intrudes. "Don't you wish you could play like that?"

Instead of dispatching John Rockwell with his whetted appetite to the Bucquet debut in Tully Hall, the *Times* sent Donal Henahan to decide whether Bucquet in the flesh measured up to the

Parisian of the disk. Two days later, on Oct. 25, he turned up in print to report that Bucquet had "put one on notice that she can get around the keyboard with the very best of contemporary music specialists. Further, she demonstrated a rare instinct for bringing out the lyrical aspects of non-tonal works without undercutting the design and structure of the music."

Leave Henahan with that and regard Alan Rich's assessment. "The combination of her masterful playing and an audience that was rapturously in tune with the entire evening," he wrote in *New York*, Nov. 13, "made this one of the most triumphant recitals, and certainly one of the most spectacular debuts I have attended in eons." Along the way he emitted such whoops as "sensational artist" and "phenomenally gifted and totally at home in new music."

Leave Rich with that and consider Paul Jacobs who was not rapturously in tune with the entire evening, as Rich was, nor as convinced as Henahan that Bucquet could get around the keyboard with the very best of contemporary music specialists. Jacobs suffered Henahan's encomium in silence until Rich's appeared. Then he did a charitable thing. He called Rich and Henahan to offer them some instruction on the Schoenberg he knew and they didn't and they knew he knew they didn't. The performance Bucquet listed in the program as Schoenberg's Opus 11 was unrecognizable, he told them. The Opus 23 he recognized. That was because it contained, in his considered judgment, ten per cent of the right notes. "The rest of the time she just flailed around like a four-year-old banging away aimlessly at the keys," he said. Rich did not quarrel with Jacobs, of course, but he lamented his timing. "Why did you wait until my piece was in print to tell me this?" Rich asked, as Jacobs remembers it. When he had made the same points to Henahan, the *Times* man

allowed that he would have taken the scores with him but the lights are so dim in Tully Hall that reading music there is often impossible. "I'm not trying to make a vendetta because it would be to my disadvantage," Jacobs said, "and I'm absolutely not jealous of anybody's career. If Van Cliburn makes \$10,000 a concert and I make \$250, there is obviously some disparity between us. We do different things." He added: "What I resent is that music written in 1908, which should be in the public consciousness, is still such a mystery to the critics that they don't know when they are hearing something almost totally different from what Schoenberg wrote. Time will tell whether he is a composer the equal of any, and you may or may not like what he wrote, but Schoenberg certainly is one of the most influential figures in the history of music, and the critics might as well know something about him."

Jacobs was to play the Opus 11 at a Brooklyn College concert a few days later, and he invited both Rich and Henahan to come and hear what had been composed. With the lights up and the scores in hand, it would have been their chance to run a few retaliatory shafts through their tormentor. Seventy-five interested locals were in a hall seating five-hundred, though neither critic showed up for a lesson from the master. Since then a kind of *nolo contendere* calm has set in between Henahan and Jacobs, while others at the *Times* have taken turns at Bucquet.

Allen Hughes writing of Bucquet II on Nov. 20 found her program of Stockhausen, Berio, Busotti and Webern, which she and Alix Williamson subtitled *The New Piano in Europe*, revealed nothing new about the piano anywhere. But he decided that the pianist was "at home with their musical and technical demands and that she made them a pleasure to hear and contemplate." Late in December, the *Times* record editor, Peter



*envelops him. The mushroom is out of sight. (MUSIC by A. SCHOENBERG)* S.P. 1974

Davis, gave the back of his hand to both a Stravinsky record Bucquet made and to her Stockhausen-Berio. That was after deplored her "washed-out tone and inability to give the notes real rhythmic or formal definition" in a recording of the complete Schoenberg piano music. Davis reminded *Times* readers that this unacceptable work was done by the well-publicized Parisian with the fuss now rising around her. "According to several outraged musicians present at her first concert," he wrote, "pages of Schoenberg's piano music were being desperately improvised on the spot and no one noticed it." At the *Times*, he meant, nodding at Henahan. Davis had heard from Jacobs.

Bucquet III, on Jan. 13, a night of Berg, Stravinsky, Boulez and Bartok, was covered for the *Times* by Raymond Ericson, who found her disappointing. "She muddled through many passages, dropping or repeating measures, improvising in order to get a piece on track again," he wrote. "More disheartening was the lack of a basic rhythm and a constant nervous phrasing that made four totally different works sound colorless or alike." Ericson had it right, Jacobs said, but the Philharmonic's pianist didn't get to the Frenchwoman's performance.

In *The Nation*, critic David Hamilton whacked away at Miss Bucquet's opening night Schoenberg for its memory slips and cover-up improvisation as they were described to him by "a reliable witness"—who was, of course, Paul Jacobs. Hamilton works at many stands—the *Times*, *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, the *Musical Newsletter* and others—and in *High Fidelity* he found Bucquet's account of Stravinsky's *Waltz Pour Les Enfants* a failure. "I'm sure you know a child who can play it quite well," he wrote, cozying up to his readers, one of the most admiring of them being Paul Jacobs. "David is certainly one of the most

conscientious critics around and one of the most intelligent," he told me when I sounded him out on the rest of the working class in which he found many failures. "Hamilton goes to rehearsals with the score to really find out something more about the music. Is there anybody else in New York who does his homework?"—he put the question to himself without any shoves from me. "Can't think of anybody" was the answer he came up with. But what of Ericson?

Only Alan Rich is in print on Paul Jacobs, a friend last heard being fervent on the telephone. "I got a fervent phone call a while back from a friend who is a highly regarded authority on contemporary music," Rich wrote in the Dec. 10 issue of *New York*. "Did I know, he asked, that Marie-Francoise Bucquet's playing of Schoenberg's piano music was full of distortions, of rhythm and even of notes? I didn't know. As a critic I am supposed to know, from study and experience, about the outlines of any given style, and also what constitutes communication in the concert hall; Mlle. Bucquet's playing satisfies me on these levels. When I have heard the music of Schoenberg performed as often as I have the Beethoven sonatas, I will be ready to discuss specific distortions..." And until then, presumably, pianists playing Schoenberg for Rich can rest assured that any old doodling will do.

*Time* printed not a word about the great uncovering of the music critics. *Newsweek* waited until most of the blows had landed before proposing the Legion of Honor and kisses on both cheeks for Bucquet. But before deciding on her reward, Hubert Saal, *Newsweek*'s music man, started the pianist pondering on her case and making it, word by word, seem worse. She admitted to a few memory slips at the recitals but insisted that she improvised nothing. "Anyone who could improvise Schoenberg would be a genius," she said

modestly, before explaining why. "There are always two or three tone rows going on at once," she told Saal, who then neglected to remind her, or his readers, that not a piece Schoenberg wrote has more than one tone row. Just before he wanted the kissing to start she tossed off another perception that he may have missed in his understandable haste. "Beethoven will survive me," he quoted her saying right there on page 75 of the Feb. 4 issue. "But I'm always afraid that Stockhausen or Boulez or Xenakis won't." Out here in readerland that sounded like the lady appealing to herself to lay off contemporary music. If the appeal turns to pledge, there are composers she has named who would even join in the kissing.

I went over all this with Bucquet at the bar of The Ginger Man during a long talk we had just before she left town. Her attitudes come and go, double back and contradict, and out of many things she said one hangs in the memory the way Schoenberg doesn't—not in mine anyway, and evidently not hers, either. What she thinks, this pretty big operator from Paris, is that Paul Jacobs is a much better pianist in her repertoire than she is. After she had learned all about the ruin he had made of her stay here, she thought quite seriously about taking herself to him and getting some instruction on playing Opus 23. Maybe that's a reason *Newsweek* should give her a medal. And maybe she could have taken Rich and Henahan with her, and their friends in the critical fraternity.

One last thing. Bucquet IV, on Jan. 29, was passed altogether by the *Times*, and just about all of the populace. The pianist ended the night, the series, her big fling in New York, with Franz Liszt's fat, boring transcription of *La Marseillaise*, a supremely silly recessional. After which, *exequit omnes*, not a one covered with *la gloire*.



## Eclipse in Baltimore

*Editor's note: The following article was written by Gordon Chaplin, a reporter with The Sun in Baltimore. It was killed after Spiro T. Agnew called and complained to William F. Schmick, Jr., the newspaper's publisher. Except for a few minor changes in grammar and punctuation, it is printed here for the first time just as Chaplin submitted it to his city editor, William F. Schmick, 3rd, the publisher's son. A history of the article and how it came to be spiked appears on page 9.*

**A**bout two weeks ago, former Vice President Spiro T. Agnew put the home he had bought for \$190,000 on the market for \$325,000—a 70 per cent markup over less than a year. Agnew's real estate agent, Peter Burr, of the Bethesda firm of Burr, Morris and Pardoe, denies to reporters that this markup has anything to do with some \$125,000 in "protective improvements" made by the government to the house during the Agnew occupancy. Spokesmen for the General Services Administration, however, say that most of the government-financed improvements will not be reclaimed from the home and the property, and that Agnew will be able to keep whatever profit he makes on the sale.

Mr. Burr and Agnew have refused reporters access to the home since it went on the market. In order to discover how the home was being marketed and how the various improvements affected the sales pitch, however, a *Sun* reporter recently toured the home posing as an attorney for a prospective buyer. What he was told then was somewhat different than what the agent told him as a reporter.

**C**hevy Chase, Md.—The real estate agent's car is rolling through the plush Kenwood section here, under cherry trees he says are "one big blossom" in the spring, past stately homes ranging in price from \$100,000 to \$450,000. "A friendly community," he is saying, "but I don't think they spend a whole lot of time in each other's kitchens."

The Agnew home sits on the highest hill in Kenwood. "Yes, the price is pretty firm," the agent says as the car turns up the steep new blacktop drive and into a lighted parking lot with room enough for more than five cars. (Cost to government: \$12,348—"to accommodate Secret Service limousines," according to a GSA report.) "This is a \$300,000-range home. You'll know it just by looking around.

"You're going to need this air conditioning unit," he says, pausing and laying his hand on a clump of machinery that looks capable of turning the entire Watergate complex into a giant deep freeze. "Everybody has them down here, the summers are so bad." (Cost to government: \$6,462—for "electrical wiring, duct work, condenser lines, new condensing units, insulation, soundproofing and wiring for new air conditioning of the Secret Service area.")

He and the visitor walk to the front door along a new flagstone walk which continues past the door to the other side of the house. (Cost to government: \$2,828—"to avoid hazardous grade condition" and "to replace hazardous walk.")

### **Spiro Agnew may be a disgraced vice president, but his phone calls still carry some weight—at least at The Sun, which killed this article about the sale of his Maryland home after Agnew complained to the newspaper's publisher.**

The door opens as if by magic (the visitor is not sure whether some of the special security sensory equipment has been activated) and there is Mrs. Agnew's private secretary.

Mrs. Agnew herself is in one of the downstairs dens with a large, white Persian cat she calls Vanilla. "We have to be very careful about keeping her closed in when visitors come," she says. "Otherwise Vanilla will follow them around like a dog."

Some of the cat's hair comes off on the visitor's dark suit. Mrs. Agnew says the same thing happens to her husband and "used to bother him at first. Now he's gotten to like Vanilla so much she sleeps on the bed between us."

The agent has told the visitor that the Agnews will move out in 60 to 90 days, depending on whatever agreement they reach with the buyer. They will take all the furniture (including a large draft beer cooler in the kitchen) but will leave the rugs and some other kitchen appliances. He says the Agnews have "extensively" redone much of the home's interior. There is a slightly Oriental motif to some of the rooms and some of the walls are covered with silk. Furniture could be Sears Roebuck's best.

The agent takes the visitor through the immaculate, impersonal living room to the porch he says the Agnews have enclosed and which, along with rising real estate values, is one of the things that adds to the value of the house. (Cost to government: \$4,387—"to eliminate need for security post.") The other main reason for the price hike, he says, is the refurbished attic. It could be used as a game room but at present it continues as an attic.

The porch, which he says was originally glassed in, is now enclosed on all three sides by walls finished in rough-hewn pine. There is a working fireplace in the front wall.

(A reporter calling Mr. Burr later was told a different story about the enclosed porch. First, Mr. Burr said, some of the items listed by the GSA as porch-enclosing expenditures referred to another porch. Second, he added, the enclosing of the porch actually *detracts* from the value of the house.

"People want an open porch," he said. "It's just going to cost more money to rip out the walls." The GSA affirmed, however, that all porch expenses listed referred to the enclosed porch.)

The visitor asked about servants' quarters and he was taken to the new Secret Service Command post. (Cost to government—aside from communications equipment—\$5,198 for painting, carpeting, installing a new sink unit.)

"It's going to be messy taking out all this stuff," the visitor commented, as his eyes—stopping briefly on a black bag marked "for burn box only"—tried to follow what seemed an impenetrable web of cables leading to switchboards, boxes with winking lights in them, a telex machine. He was assured that whatever scars were left would be cosmetized.

A quick trip to the basement past two of Agnew's golf bags (cost to government: \$1,195 for relocating the hot water heater and installing a new bathroom) and the visitor and the agent were at a door leading out.

"You better be sure you've seen everything you want to see inside," the agent cautioned. "Because once we are outside, we can't get back in again." The visitor thought he had seen enough.

The back yard was grassy and dotted here and there with different types of bushes. (Cost to government: \$2,000 for sodding and replanting of areas where disturbed by construction.)

Around the perimeter is a seven-foot-high fence—five feet of brick and the other two of redwood. (Cost to government: \$41,157—for "removal of old stone wall and tree stumps," and the installation of the new fence.)

Water has begun to discolor the naked redwood but the visitor is assured that the water comes from "four days of solid rain," something very unusual, even for Washington.

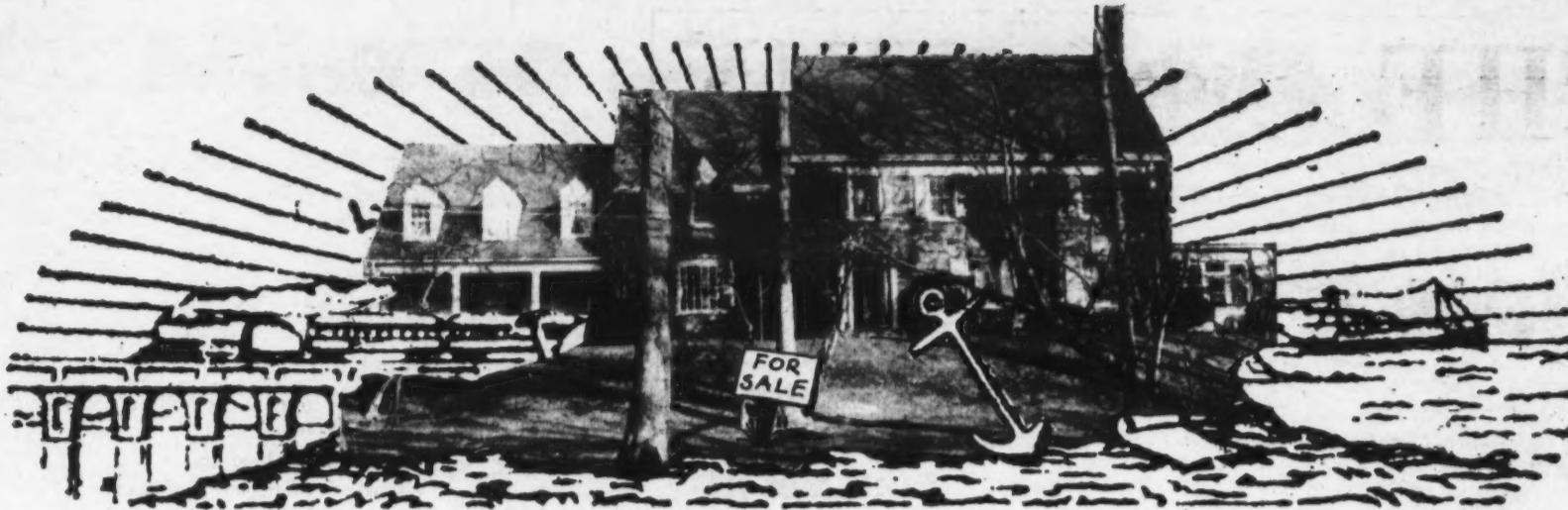
(A reporter calling Mr. Burr later, however, is told that the fence—as well as the enclosed porch—*detracts* from the value of the house and will only require extra money to rip it down.)

The tour ends back in the parking lot. Leaving, the visitor and the agent drive by workmen who have started to remove the "security lights" which dot the property and are capable of "lighting up the whole world" when tripped by a security risk. GSA spokesman have said that the lights are among the few items that the government will reclaim.

**A**gnew was not happy about the reporter's tour. He talked politely with the reporter on the telephone for a while about the possibility of obtaining photographs of the house's interior to go with a news article on the tour, but then he paused and said in a different voice: "I think you are lower than scum, misrepresenting yourself the way you did."

He cautioned the reporter that he would be in touch with his superiors on the matter and concluded: "You son of a bitch, don't you ever call me again."

Meanwhile, in a related development, Rep. John F. Seiberling has asked Comptroller General



Elmer B. Staats of the General Accounting Office to examine "serious questions about the legality and propriety of [Agnew's] being able to realize substantial profits or income as a result of government expenditures on his personal residence."

"Is it correct that there is no legal requirement for Agnew to reimburse the government for the expenditures or for the increase in the market value resulting from the improvements?" Seiberling asked Mr. Staats in a letter last week.

Mr. Burr said that there had been about 12 "serious" inquiries so far on the Agnew house. As the visitors troop through, Mrs. Agnew is apparently making her own inquiries about another

house in Maryland.

Mrs. James N. Daniel, Jr., confirmed that Mrs. Agnew had looked at her house in Crofton, about halfway between Washington and Annapolis, earlier this week.

"I don't want to talk about it," she added. "I feel sorry for her and I think everyone should stop hounding her."

According to news reports, an official with Charles H. Steffey, Inc., a real estate company with offices in Crofton and Annapolis, said that the Agnews are "seriously looking for a home in or around Anne Arundel county." When questioned yesterday about the reports, Steffey employees refused either to confirm or deny them.

John W. (Jack) Steffey, a former state senator who is the controlling force in Steffey, Inc., is a close friend of Agnew's who has been involved in previous business matters with the former vice president.

Mr. Steffey, who served as treasurer for the Maryland branch of the Committee to Reelect the President, was one of seven members of the Salute to Ted Agnew Committee named in the committee's indictment last August in connection with the concealment of a \$49,000 loan to the Salute committee made by the Committee to Reelect the President.

The seven men were named in the indictment because they consistently seemed to be involved in the committee's day-to-day operations.

## Enterprise Reporting or 'Invasion of Privacy'?

With Spiro Agnew hoping to turn a fat profit on the sale of his suburban Montgomery County home, Baltimore *Sun* reporter Gordon Chaplin was anxious to see precisely how the many government-financed improvements to the house were being marketed. Posing as an attorney for a prospective buyer, Chaplin telephoned real estate dealer Peter Burr, of Burr, Morris and Pardoe, and arranged to see the Agnew house on Friday, Jan. 25. City editor William F. Schmick, 3rd, gave Chaplin the go-ahead on the assignment.

Chaplin arrived at the company's Bethesda, Md. office, where he gave his family's Philadelphia firm as his business address. Although Chaplin thought Burr seemed suspicious, the agent drove him to the Agnew home, where they were met by Mrs. Agnew and her cat. Chaplin toured the house, told Burr he would be in touch, and returned to *The Sun* at about 5 P.M.

At Schmick's request, Chaplin then called Burr to confess the ploy. When the reporter requested photographs of the house, Burr suggested he contact Agnew himself at his Washington office; and Chaplin did so, telling Agnew what he had done. After some cordial words about when a *Sun* photographer might visit the home, Agnew's tone abruptly changed, and he angrily called Chaplin a "son of a bitch" and "lower than scum" for misrepresenting himself. Agnew immediately placed a call to *Sun* president William F. Schmick, Jr., to complain. "He was upset, but he was contained and polite," says Schmick. "He thought it was cheap journalism." Schmick says he "told Mr. Agnew that this was entirely

up to our news department," and offered to report their conversation to *Sun* managing editor Paul A. Banker.

Banker had been "casually" aware for some time that a *Sun* reporter was planning to tour Agnew's home, but it was only after Schmick, Jr.'s call that he intervened in the handling of the story. "I told him I'd look into it," says Banker, and he asked the younger Schmick to show him the article. Chaplin worked on the piece Saturday, had the next two days off, and turned in the story Tuesday, Jan. 30. According to Banker, the article was not sufficiently "revealing" to justify the use of misrepresentation and "invasion of privacy." Although young "Billy" Schmick defended the story as an illustration of Agnew's profiting at taxpayers' expense, Banker felt this information had been documented in other articles. He overruled the city editor and ordered the piece killed.

Banker denies he did so in response to Agnew's complaint, but says that the former vice president's call "certainly made me aware of the way he felt," and, more importantly, "raised the question in my mind of whether this was the way *The Sun* wants to go about getting a story." Besides, says Banker, "I would feel very sleazy about printing this story, when here's a guy going into this house, being greeted cordially by Mrs. Agnew, getting cat hairs all over his suit. That could only build more sympathy for them than anything else."

Coincidentally, just after the story was killed, the 30-year-old Chaplin began a long

planned three-month leave of absence to do some free-lance writing. When he called Billy Schmick to inform him of the article's pending publication in [MORE], the city editor said firmly that the *Sun* did not want to see the Agnew story in print. Banker agreed and told us: "The *Sun* feels strongly that this article is our property and we think it is improper for the reporter to let it get into your hands." Schmick the Younger adds, "I can't see why you'd want it."

The answer is simple. We thought the article deserved publication as an illustration of the clout Spiro Agnew still wields—at least in Baltimore. Beyond that, we recognize that the incident raises the larger question of whether journalists should misrepresent themselves in pursuit of a story. Some news organizations—*The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* are two—discourage the practice, and clearly a case can be made that they are right. But many other publications have no aversion to using deception when they feel the "public good" warrants it—and *The Sun* is one. Reporters for the paper have posed as home buyers to investigate racial discrimination in housing, and Chaplin himself once posed as a substitute teacher to write about the experience.

It is worth noting, too, that before Chaplin resorted to deception in the Agnew case he sought a tour of the house as a *Sun* reporter. The answer, of course, was no. All in all, Chaplin's subsequent strategy and rather tame article hardly seem reasons to cave in after a telephone call from the nation's most celebrated criminal.

—CLAUDIA COHEN

# Money Makes The Press Go 'Round

(continued from page 1)

billions and what impact Chase has on the society. Hard questions on the subject are almost never asked by the financial press. I will get to some of them momentarily. But lest my case against the media seem overstated, here is how *The New York Times*, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Business Week*, *Newsweek* and *Time* covered Chase Manhattan in 1973.

In all of 1973, *Time* found only one story on Chase important enough to cover, the naming of Chase as U.S. correspondent for the Bank of China. Run as an "Eyecatcher" in the business section, the story began with the kind of gush that typifies coverage of the bank and its chairman: "Genial David Rockefeller, the quintessential capitalist, visited China, chatted amiably with Chou En-lai for two hours and came home last week with a deal." The three-paragraph piece, which included a half-column-wide picture of David, called the move "a coup for Rockefeller" and ended: "Indeed, the communists, who like to deal with the topmost people, are captivated by the very name of Rockefeller."

*Newsweek* chose a different event for its single 1973 Chase story, the bank's new branch in Moscow. Headlined, A COMRADE AT CHASE, the two-column story had Rockefeller "greeted by Premier Alexei Kosygin and feted with caviar and champagne when he arrived to open the first office of an American bank in the Soviet Union in some 50 years." After six paragraphs on the problems and profits of dealing with the Russians, the magazine concluded: "Its new address, for those interested in contacting their comrades at Chase, is 1 Karl Marx Square." The accompanying picture showed Chase's Moscow chief standing in Red Square.

*Business Week* covered the Moscow and China moves along with a third story, a two-plus column piece on a seven-year-old Chase labor dispute in Japan—a story different not only because no one else covered it but also because Rockefeller was not mentioned. *BW*'s Moscow piece, CHASE MOVES INTO 1 KARL MARX SQUARE, had Rockefeller in the second sentence: "The Chase's globetrotting Chairman, David Rockefeller, flew into Moscow for the opening and stopped in for a meeting at the Kremlin Palace with Soviet Premier Alexei Kosygin." A two-column-wide picture of that meeting topped the six-paragraph story. In its China coverage, *Business Week* said the agreement was "a relationship he [Rockefeller] hardly lifted a finger to get," giving as a partial reason for his success his "status as leader of the U.S. business establishment."

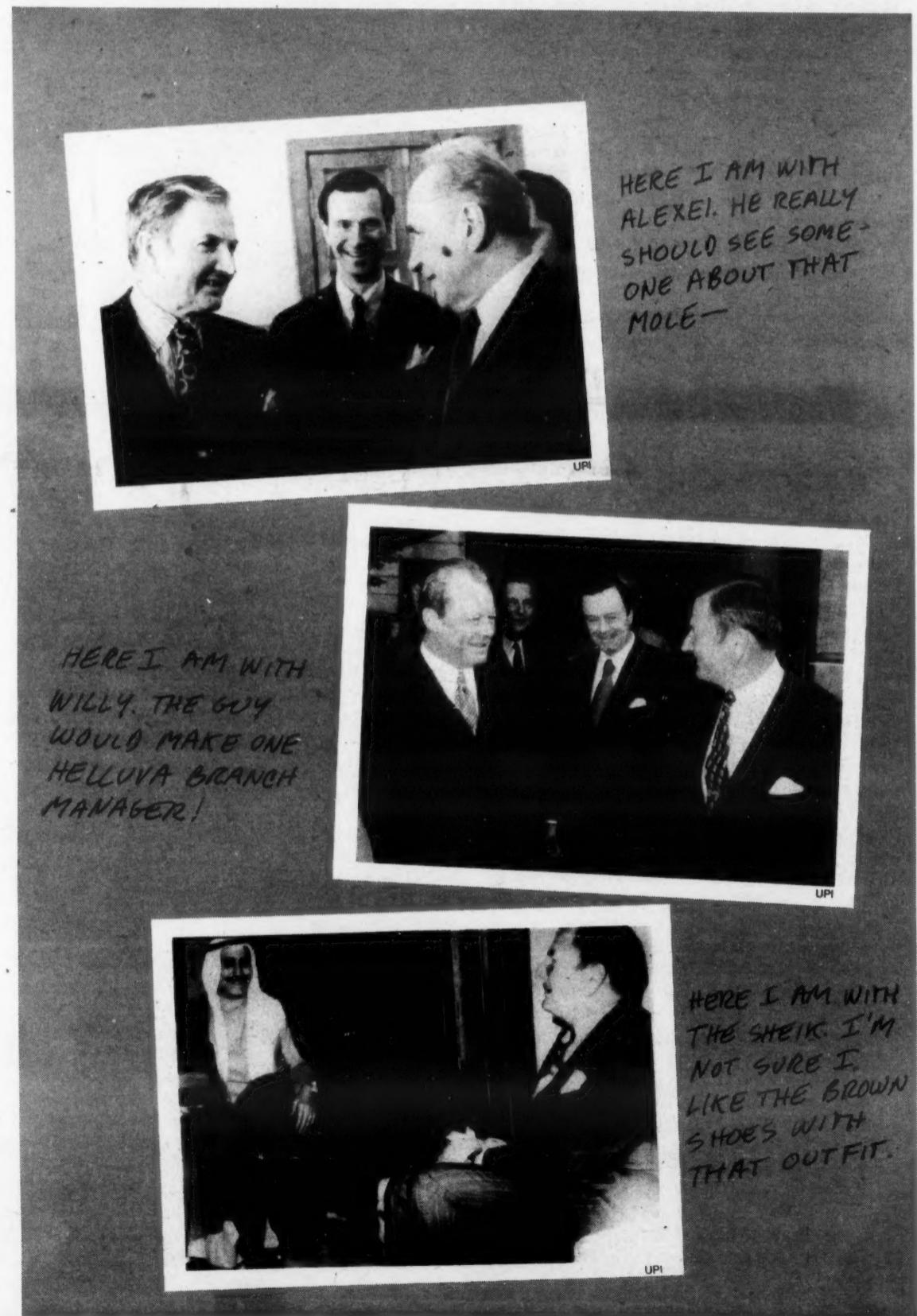
Although it did not cover Chase separately, *Business Week* did include figures on the bank's trust holdings and comments from Chase officials on various bank problems in its 30-plus-page special on banking (Sept. 15, 1973). While accepting as inevitable the increasing concentration of power—"The U.S. banking system very clearly is headed in the direction of still fewer, but bigger, banks"—the section raised some basic questions on trust policies and even banks' responses to social issues.

*The Wall Street Journal* covers Chase's day-to-day news for investors and businessmen. Four times a year (in 1973 on Jan. 17, April 17, July 18, and Oct. 17), the paper prints the quarterly ear-

nings report as issued by the bank. The July story covered the figures on increased assets, loans, net income for the quarter and the half, all dutifully compared with the same figures for the year before. The only explanation came from the bank: "Chase said the quarterly increase in operating net was attributable to gains from international activities." Beyond that, the *Journal* reports, without flourishes, new big loans such as \$86 million to Russia for a truck factory (March 9), \$49 million to Spain for a power plant (May 23), acquisitions such as a new Albany bank (Feb. 2), a new Canadian bank (Oct. 5), and new vice presidents. When the Chase tried to buy its own finance company, the

*Journal* story dealt only with investor details: "The proposed transaction which was agreed to in principle yesterday would involve the exchange of up to 2.8 million shares of Chase for the outstanding stock of Dial."

The *Journal* downplayed Chase's splashier '73 moves, putting the opening to China on page 8, then devoting only five of the ten paragraphs to that subject. (The other half of the piece dealt with a Federal Reserve Board order to Chase to divest its interest in a British bank, a subject not mentioned in the headline.) When the bank attempted to encourage interest in its stock, the *Journal* put the story on page 11 with the headline, "Now Chase is



Seeking Friends of its Own, Preferably Investors." The piece began: "Chase Manhattan Corporation which has sustained years of sluggish earnings threw what could be called a coming out party for more than 200 stock analysts in an unabashed pitch to gain investor interest in its stock." Its reporter found the analysts "skeptical."

The *New York Times* banking reporter, John Allan, got a different impression. Devoting the paper's Sunday Wall Street column to the meeting (CHASE WOOS THE ANALYSTS), Allan wrote of the bank's "strenuous effort to make investors like its stock." After a "well-modulated performance" in which "Mr. Rockefeller, scholarly and soft spoken, outlined the Chase's overall management philosophy," the analysts "stayed for cocktails and roast beef." Allan reported that if "the initial response [a 4 1/4 point rise on Thursday] is a true reflection of analysts reaction, the outlook for Chase improved immensely from the meeting."

He failed to note the Chase stock was up only 1 1/4 for the week.

In general, the *Times* financial page covers the same information as the *Journal* with as little explanation. In a Sept. 19 story (BIG BANKS CONTINUE MOVE TO 10% PRIME RATE), the paper simply listed the banks that had raised their rates, including Chase. The difference between the papers is that the *Times* devotes more space to Chase news. Where the *Journal* will lump the bank's earning reports with the reports of other banks on inside pages, the *Times* gives the bank a separate story, usually on the first page of the financial section.

The *Times* put the China agreement on page one (CHASE AGREES TO BE AGENT FOR BANK OF CHINA IN U.S.), and offered the following social note: "Mr. Rockefeller, who was accompanied by his wife Peggy; Francis X. Stankard, senior vice president; Joseph V. Reed Jr.,

vice president and Mrs. Reed, visited four cities and met with Chou En-lai and other Chinese officials." The piece ran 27 inches, not including a column-wide head shot of Rockefeller that ran inside. But then, the *Times* is altogether obsessed with David's doings (see box, page 14).

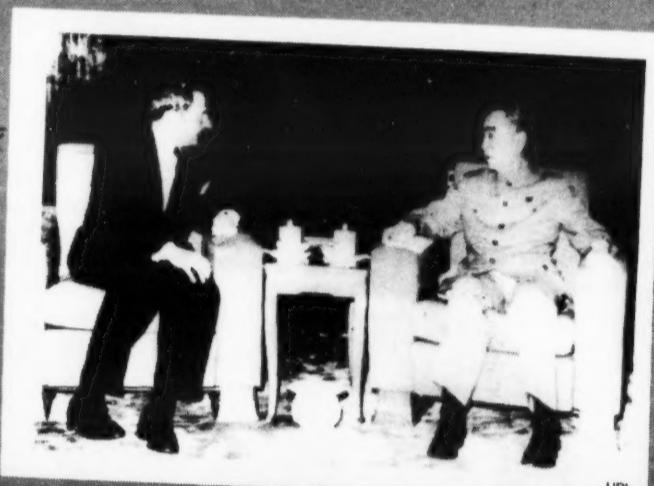
In early January of this year, a Senate committee issued a 419-page report, *Disclosure of Corporate Ownership*. The *Washington Post* put the story on the front page of its Sunday, Jan. 6, issue with an inside-page eight-column headline 8 INSTITUTIONS CONTROL MOST OF LARGEST CORPORATIONS. The piece ran a total of 54 inches and a shorter, 16-inch followup ran on Monday. The report found that six banks, five in New York City, including Chase, hold controlling interest in 89 major companies. With the exception of Morton Mintz' coverage in *The Washington Post*, most of the media barely mentioned the report, though it contained a wealth of previously undisclosed information. *Time* gave the report a fair summary in a two-column business section story. *Newsweek* and *Business Week* did not cover it at all, though in fairness to the latter, it had covered the issues raised in the study extensively in a June 2, 1973, cover story on institutional investors and again in its Sept. 15 banking issue.

The *Journal* put the story on page two of its Monday, Jan. 7, edition, emphasizing the legislative impact (MORE DATA ON INSTITUTIONAL STOCKHOLDING URGED IN SENATE COMPANY-OWNERSHIP STUDY). In a textbook example of understatement, the *Journal* said: "Many believe the tendency of these financial institutions to invest large amounts of money in the securities of a relatively few big prestigious corporations has created some economic and regulatory problems." The 11-paragraph article gave little more than a quick summary of those problems, in one paragraph, and a few examples, in three paragraphs, all drawn from the report's 11-page introduction. As a followup, the *Journal* ran an 11-paragraph story on Tuesday: BANKS CRITICIZE SENATE STUDY'S PROPOSAL THAT THEY TELL MORE ABOUT STOCK HOLDINGS. Predictably, the bankers denied they have excessive control.

Predictably, too, the *Times*' coverage was worse. Though it is a New York City paper and the report dealt with New York's biggest financial institutions, the *Times*' total coverage was an 8-inch Reuters dispatch (SENATE REPORT HITS BANK STOCKHOLDINGS) run in the financial pages on Monday. Reuters picked up a minor point in the report, never mentioned the major finding that the eight institutions can control some of the country's largest companies. Five days later, the *Times* gave Chase nine inches for the report on its annual earnings, a story that included, among the figures, information on where they were revealed (at the annual bank officers dinner at the New York Hilton) and who hosted the dinner (David Rockefeller and Chase's president).

In the long list of unexplored bank stories, the Senate report is, perhaps, one of the most important, not so much for what it says as for the questions it raises about the banks' power to control the giant corporations. At the heart of the report and of the financial community's concern are the bank trust departments and their stock-buying policy. The consequences of that policy are complicated but the policy itself is simple: buy only large blocks of stock in large corporations. The number of really large corporations is limited, the number the trust departments concentrate on even

(continued on page 14)



HERE I AM  
WITH CHOU.  
THE CHINESE  
CERTAINLY  
KNOW HOW TO  
GET THEIR  
SLIP COVERS  
CLEAN.



HERE I AM  
WITH THE P.M.  
— IT WAS A  
TERRIFIC  
BAR MITZVAH!



HERE I AM  
WITH TANAKA.  
HE'S MUCH  
TALLER THAN  
HE LOOKS.

# Epiphany, Driver, And St...

**T**he cab driver is clearly a fundamental force in American journalism. Not only do such current stars as Gail Sheehy, Anthony Lewis and Timothy Crouse probe his mind, but so have I.F. Stone, E.B. White and even Alfred Kazin. On these two pages you will find some samples from a three-and-a-half-inch-thick folder of cabbie quotes I have collected over the past several years. I'm not altogether sure what to make of this persistent phenomenon, and all my efforts to land a foundation grant to explore the subject have thus far failed. The following findings, therefore, must be regarded as tentative at best.

The record for quotes from different cabbies in a single piece (three) is held by Fred J. Cook. They are among the 15 cabbies quoted in the pages of The New York Times (Sunday magazine included) in my file, also a record. The Los Angeles Times is next with 14 quotes in its news columns alone. Then comes Newsweek (seven), New York and The San Diego Union (five), and The Village Voice and Esquire (four). New Times managed to quote cabbies three times in its first eight issues, not counting an observation in issue number six that "New York cabbies . . . will not have John Lindsay to kick around for a long while."

Space limitations prohibit greater analysis at this time. But one point seems critical to raise. In five years of cabbie-quote collecting, I have found no comparable observations from bus drivers. Alan Cartnal of the L.A. Times did quote a woman standing next to him in an Atlanta bus line. But no drivers yet. Given the charges of elitism that have dogged the media lately, it would seem wise for reporters to try and correct this oversight. For my part, I promise to keep track.

—RALPH KEYES

BOMBAY — . . . "We are poor men. What can this do for us?" asked a middle-aged Bombay cab driver who picked up a passenger at the convention site. He added, "For the last 22 years, ever since independence, I have been living the same way. Nothing has changed. **Sometimes I think maybe it was better when the British were here.**"

—Sydney H. Schanberg  
*The New York Times*  
Dec. 28, 1969

BONN — **"War is war"** said a Munich taxi driver, dismissing with a wave of his hand the disclosure that the Most Rev. Matthias Defregger, Auxiliary Bishop of Munich, participated, as a German officer, in the wartime execution of civilians.

—Ralph Blumenthal  
*The New York Times*  
August 10, 1969

NEWARK — . . . But out to the west and south, in the Central and the South Wards, it is a different story. **"It is a jungle,"** says one cab driver, and another adds: **"This city is dead."**

—Fred J. Cook  
*The New York Times Magazine*  
July 25, 1971

.... Inevitably the Rockefeller riches have become an issue. "Can West Virginia be bought?" is one of the themes Moore intends to hammer at. But Rockefeller, who is not at all coy about his wealth, thinks it may well seem an asset to voters in a state long tainted by corruption in high places. **"He's the only politician here,"** one Charleston taxi driver put it, **"who can't be bought."**

—Newsweek  
Oct. 2, 1972

WASHINGTON, D.C.— . . . Kilmer is the Washington quarterback although a lot of folks in this district prefer Sonny Jurgensen. "If Kilmer doesn't move that club in the first quarter, you're going to hear an awful lot of booing," promised a man driving a taxicab. **"It isn't they don't like Kilmer. They just love Sonny."**

—Jerry Magee  
*The San Diego Union*  
Sept. 16, 1973

.... Driving to Lod Airport, I asked my cabdriver whom he would like to see as Israel's new prime minister. A veteran of three Arab-Israeli wars, he had taught himself how to maneuver his vehicle with the two artificial legs he had gotten as a result of wounds suffered in the Six-Day War. He turned halfway around in his seat and his response was clear and enthusiastic. **"Arik Sharon! Sharon, King of Israel! He will save us!"**

—Amos Perlmutter  
*Harper's*  
Feb. 1974

.... Last week the *Globe-Democrat* went to court to seek a settlement, and Mayor John Poelker said he would step in to mediate the strike. Meanwhile, the readers wait. **"You don't know how much you miss the papers,"** says St. Louis cab driver Mecklin Wilson, **"until they're gone."**

—Time  
Oct. 1, 1973



Ralph Keyes, a free-lance writer who lives in La Jolla, Calif., is the author of *We, The Lonely People* (Harper & Row), in which not one cab driver is quoted.

# Step On It!

.... "In 15 years I been driving a taxi, I ain't never carried no *bicycle!*" The cabbie elaborated on this thought under his breath.

"But biking's in today," I offered brightly. "Haven't you been reading about closing off thoroughfares to walkers and cyclists, and about the bike-to-work movement? People like Stewart Udall and Mayor Lindsay are great cyclists . . .

**"Lindsay! That faggot!" . . .**

—Marjorie Hope  
*The Village Voice*  
July 1, 1971

NEW YORK—"What can you tell me that's good?" the cabby asked as he picked me up.

"Not much," I said, "except that they seem to be trying to clean up the New York Police Department."

**"Don't you believe it,"** he answered.  
**"They'll never get an honest police force in New York or anywhere else."**

—Max Lerner  
*Los Angeles Times*  
Sept. 3, 1971

.... However it is set off, the bare midriff is the subject of some dispute in Rome . . . But most Roman men are not complaining a bit. **"First they show their legs,"** sighed one admiring taxi driver last week. **"Then they cover them up. So now what do they do? They show their stomachs! Girls are marvelous!"**

—Newsweek  
Sept. 7, 1970

CHICAGO— . . . James McGue, a middle-aged cab driver, who said he is a Republican, put it this way, **"I'm ashamed to admit it, but maybe you need a dictator to keep a city like this going. Maybe that's the only way it will work."**

—Richard T. Cooper  
*Los Angeles Times*  
April 5, 1971

.... More to myself than to the driver, a middle-aged man named Harry Something, I expressed the thought that if the city fell apart from a simple power failure, soon hopefully to be repaired, what would happen in the event of a real disaster?

When Harry didn't answer I assumed he hadn't heard me, which was just as well, but, instead, his silence meant he'd been thinking it over.

**"You're right,"** Harry said, finally, **"It's just getting to be too big a job for one man."**

—Robert Alan Arthur  
*Esquire*  
September, 1971

.... Discontent is already starting to rise. In Lagos last week, I heard taxi drivers repeatedly mutter: **"Monkey they work, baboon they chop."** I knew "chop" meant eat, but I didn't understand the saying. "Look, master," one driver explained, "No matter what we poor men do, the money goes in the big man's pocket."

—Andrew Jaffe  
*Newsweek*  
Feb. 4, 1974

.... [Carl Bernstein and Bob Woodward] are full-blooded celebrities now, not just well-known in the trade. A few weeks ago I got into a taxi in downtown Washington and the driver insisted on showing me an autograph he had solicited from Woodward. **"I've had Woodward as a passenger three times now,"** he said. **"But I still got to meet dat partner of his, Leonard Bernstein."**

—Timothy Crouse  
*Rolling Stone*  
Sept. 13, 1973

.... Jewish voters, who had given Mr. Nixon only 18 per cent of their vote in 1968, raised to 37 per cent this time—a bloc big enough that the President almost carried New York City, where a typical Jewish district in Queens fell from 92 per cent for Humphrey to 55 per cent for McGovern. **"This quota system—it's goddamn un-American,"** said taxi driver Al Pearl. **"These days anybody and his brother is supposed to get any job they want."**

—Newsweek  
Nov. 13, 1972

LAGOS, Nigeria— **"It is indeed a wonderful thing that the war has ended,"** a taxicab driver said the other day as he careened perilously around corners in this vibrant capital, horn honking constantly. **"But now Nigeria needs better highways."**

—William Borders  
*The New York Times*  
Jan. 31, 1970

On my way into New York City from La Guardia, the taxi driver told me his daughter after a first year as teacher in a black ghetto had transferred out to Long Island in despair. **"The children were wonderful,"** he said. **"The trouble was the parents."**

—I.F. Stone  
*I.F. Stone's Weekly*  
Nov. 4, 1968

.... Michael B. Sadicario is a New York taxi-driver still under the magic age of 30. When another cab cut in front of him the other day, he did not shout.

"You take a driver like him," he said. "He's not relaxed. He's thinking about money. He's not going to listen to music all day. Another cab tries to take seventeen feet from him, and he goes crazy.

**"I used to work in an office. I worked hard, but no one cared. Now I let my hair grow, and I wear dungarees. Last summer I went up to Woodstock."**

—Anthony Lewis  
*The New York Times*  
Nov. 10, 1969

.... Yet at the same time the Communists have bent over backward to let their opponents hold rallies and use public buildings, and by most accounts they continue to enjoy an unusually high measure of public support. **"They aren't Communists—they are men who use their heads,"** says one local cabdriver. **"If they should stop being reasonable men, we would simply vote them out of office."**

—Newsweek  
July 5, 1971

**COSMIC CAB CO.**

Illustration by Marty Norman

(continued from page 11)

more limited. At the end of 1972, for example, Chase had almost \$400 million in IBM stock, Morgan Guaranty held \$2 billion and the other top eight trust departments held another \$6 billion among themselves. The system is fine for the favored few but it spells possible disaster for the rest.

When a company wants to raise money for expansion, for improvements, for pollution controls, the best way is to sell stock. If a trust department favorite does this, it has few problems

for its stock price is high enough to absorb new stock without lowering earnings. For the rest, estimated at 99 per cent of the companies in the nation, the risks are great. If a company whose stock sells at 10 times earnings wants to sell 10 per cent more stock, it must increase its income by 10 per cent to maintain earnings. Should their income rise 8 per cent earnings per share will fall, investors will be wary, stock prices may go down. The other ways of raising money, loans or bonds, increase the company's debt. The money crunch, analysts fear, may lead to company shut downs or takeovers by

foreign investors.

The money with which this two-tier system, as the financial press calls it, has been built is not the bank's, it is pension fund money and money held in trust. The practice of investing in just the bluest blue chips, however solid it may look, is trapping the trust departments, and more importantly, jeopardizing the pension funds. If Chase had to sell its large holdings to get cash, it could not do so without a drastic drop in stock prices. The result is that the pension funds, rich on paper, would be much poorer if converted to cash because

## 'Dear Diary: Today I got my picture in the paper again . . . '

The middle-class editors of *The New York Times* most often merely fawn over the wealthy. But in contemplating David Rockefeller they and their reporters are positively pop-eyed with awe. A review of 1973 coverage indicates there must be a David desk somewhere on 43rd Street.

David appeared briefly on Feb. 2 in a routine announcement of a Chase loan to Poland, but that was just a prelude. Three weeks later, in the middle of the front page of the Sunday business section, spread across the full eight columns, was David's "An East European Diary." Four pictures showed Rockefeller with officials of Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania, and Poland. It had been "a fascinating, rewarding and exhausting visit," the last because "In less than nine days we were to have some 50 meetings with officials of these four countries." The article outlined the various possibilities for U.S. companies to make money in Eastern Europe; but those who wanted a glimpse of the summit, Rockefeller style, were not disappointed. "We were particularly honored and delighted . . . to have a luncheon hosted by Dr. Bruno Kreisky, Chancellor of Austria . . . On the second day, a Saturday, we had the great pleasure of flying to the island of Brioni for a conversation with the President of Yugoslavia, Marshal Tito . . . Our second day in Romania was highlighted by an excursion to the fascinating monasteries in Moldavia with their unique exterior frescos dating from the 15th century." For anyone who was not familiar with Eastern Europe, the *Times* provided a two-column-wide map with arrows charting Rockefeller's journey. The article ran over 40 inches not counting the pictures.

David's next major, though much shorter, appearance was on May 14 when he made a speech criticizing tax reforms. "Mr. Rockefeller said that Congressional proposals to reverse or eliminate corporate tax reductions . . . would turn the clock back." Eight days later the *Times* quoted him on Soviet trade when Chase opened its Moscow branch; but for the paper, China, not Moscow, was the big story.

David's China coverage began on June 1 with an announcement in the People and Business column that Rockefeller was going. His arrival in China made it to the Notes on People section on June 27. When he met with Chou En-lai, the *Times* ran it as a Sunday World News Brief (July 1), reporting that while Rockefeller would not give any details of the two hour meeting, he would say it had been "wide ranging . . . we discussed a whole range of possible future contacts." The trip itself was "basically exploratory" and "enormously educational." For readers who missed the Sunday item, the *Times* followed up with a five-column-wide picture of Rockefeller and Chou at the top of page three of the Monday paper. The picture had a two-line caption but no article.

The announcement of the Chase-Bank of China agreement made page one on July 5, beginning: "Chase Manhattan Bank will represent the Bank of China in the U.S. under an agreement concluded by David Rockefeller, Chase Manhattan's chairman, during a ten day visit to China." The chairman's picture was back on page 44. David's, not Mao's.

That was the last David Rockefeller coverage from China, but not the last mention of Rockefeller and China. When the Bank of China valued its currency, the *Times* ran the story with a three-column-wide picture of Rockefeller in China although the currency switches had nothing to do with Chase or Rockefeller. As a final touch, David himself wrote an August 10 Op-Ed page piece on China. He admired the "national harmony" and the "social and economic progress," but added that (count 'em) "three major questions remain in my own mind." They were: can individualism and creativity be contained; can the decentralized economy adapt for technology and foreign trade; can both sides live with their differences.

Even before the China coverage was over, the *Times* was back to following Rockefeller through his more mundane chores. He announced a new Rockefeller University council "to spread understanding of the University" on July 9. During August, Rockefeller joined two committees, the International Industrial Council, Aug. 8, and an advisory committee on monetary reform, Aug. 23. He gave his "well-modulated performance" for the stock analysts on Sept. 12 and joined the Urban League's Equal Opportunity Day dinner committee on Sept. 23.

On election day, Nov. 6, the *Times* sought "Words of Advice, Wisdom and Warning for the Next Mayor" from, among others, Shirley Chisholm, Helen Gurley Brown, William Buckley, Zero Mostel and the brothers Rockefeller, David and Nelson. From David: "I think the most important thing is to unite and bring together all the communities in the city to work together toward a common objective. At the moment, unfortunately, there are a lot of groups which feel they are in conflict with other communities. It is a very difficult thing to do."

**T**he crown jewel in the *Times* 1973 Rockefeller coverage was Tom Buckley's feature, "A Long, Crammed and Very Typical Day in the Life of David Rockefeller," which ran on the split page Nov. 7. The 65-inch piece begins: "The man who runs the garage at the Chase Manhattan Bank Building had been keeping watch. When he saw David Rockefeller leave the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, 100 yards or so to the west of Liberty Street, he shouted, 'O.K. Chester.' The chauffeur,

Chester Erb, drove the maroon Cadillac limousine up the ramp from the basement. It was waiting at the curb with the doors open when Mr. Rockefeller, trailed by his bodyguard, Tom Swanzy, strode up."

Rockefeller is a man of great importance as Buckley keeps showing. In the limousine, an aide discusses problems, some of which "danced and shimmered with the genuine luster of great affairs." The aide reports: "We've heard from the Prime Minister [of Japan] . . . He said that even if Mr. Kissinger is in Tokyo, it won't interfere with the dinner he is giving for you."

David, Buckley informs us, is "regarded as a spokesman for enlightened American capitalism and as a symbolic figure." After more than 13 inches establishing Rockefeller's importance, Buckley adds that "Rockefeller is encircled by an aura of power." Then he waits four more inches before revealing that on the day of the interview "the aura was scarcely glimmering, Mr. Rockefeller being on his way to Albany to officiate at a cocktail party celebrating the opening of an office of the bank there."

Eleven more inches of details of the plane ride to Albany and Buckley finally gets to the question of how Rockefeller runs his bank: "if less relentlessly acquisitive, perhaps, than his grandfather, [he] still must guide Chase Manhattan Bank as a business institution rather than as a charity." Or a duck pond.

With that, the article returns to Albany and then to the details of David's day: when he got up, 7:30; how long he exercised, five minutes; what he had for breakfast, "orange juice, a protein cereal with skim milk and black coffee," and finally his home. "To enter the Rockefeller house . . . was to step into Ali Baba's cave. The Butler stood in the doorway. A Degas danced on one paneled wall, a Toulouse Lautrec jockey mounted on another."

Rockefeller "seldom says anything that slows down, let alone stops the presses," Buckley writes, as he proves in his concluding David quote: "The implication again is that I have some supreme view of things that is overriding, is presumably for my interest against other people's. To me that is not a very fair or reasonable approach. All I can say is that I try to exercise good judgment and to be guided by the same moral principles that others are." The people at Chase liked Buckley's piece so much they had it copied and sent to the bank's officers.

The *Times* barely broke stride as it and David moved arm-in-arm into the new year. On Jan. 1, there was David on the split page again telling us of his New Year's resolutions. "In terms of East-West initiatives, we got a good start in 1973, and this year we want to do a number of things to round it out . . ." And why not?

—M.N.



## Now for some good news about the energy crisis

The typical two-car, air-conditioned, plugged-in American rides high on a cresting wave of energy. Statistics show we have doubled our energy consumption every 10 to 15 years since the turn of the century.

Now, brownouts, blackouts, empty gasoline pumps, industry pronouncements and Presidential warnings all tell us this trend cannot continue: an "energy crisis" is about to pull the plug on the American Dream.

The good news? It doesn't have to happen. Advances in science and technology, reported over the past 25 years in the pages of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, offer us an inexhaustible supply of all the energy we can find the wisdom to use.

A few of the more promising advances include: the breeder reactor, which brings into reach resources exceeding the earth's entire supply of fossil fuels; liquefaction and gasification of coal; oil from shales; super-conductive transmission, and solar power.

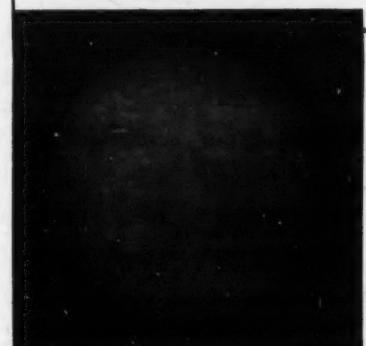
No, the "crisis" is not one of resources or technology. It is one of international politics and trade, of domestic economics. It involves the public safety and the hazards of new technologies, and it engages man's ability to accommodate his numbers and his appetites to the bounty of the earth's environment. To all of these questions science and technology bring

understanding and workable solutions. So they too have been explored on a continuing basis in the pages of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

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the market can no longer absorb huge blocks of stock.

**T**he banks themselves are partly to blame for the market's inability to absorb big stock sales, the practices of institutional investors having driven most small investors out of the market in search of some investment where everyone else does not get inside information and leave the small investor holding worthless stock. To paraphrase Russell Baker, the small investor feels that if a ship is sinking, and the lifeboats are in the water, look out, small investor, the banks have all the seats. Since acting on inside information is illegal, the banks quite naturally deny that it ever happens. The loan departments, they say, never talk to the trust departments even if the loan people find out a company in which the trust department has big holdings is about to go under and leave the bank's trust accounts with an embarrassing loss.

This is exactly what happened in the demise of the Penn Central, except for the part about the embarrassing loss. From the first of May, 1970, until the railroad filed for bankruptcy on June 19, Chase Manhattan's trust department sold 418,000 shares of Penn Central stock. During that time, Chase's loan department was one of several negotiating with the government to save the company. If that weren't enough, the chairman of the Penn Central was a director of Chase. The charges of using inside information weren't proved (they rarely are since corporate confessions are unusual and bankers are bright enough not to put that kind of thing in writing), but the charges were serious enough so that Rockefeller himself went to Washington to deny them.

When the *Times* devoted its Sunday Wall Street column to the problems of trust departments

(**BANKS STIR CONTROVERSY AS A STOCK MARKET FORCE**—Oct. 7, 1973), the guest columnist wrote 40 inches without once naming a single bank or the size of the holdings. On the possibility of inside information, he observed: "One suspects that well managed banks that recognize what can be lost by crossing the lines of traditional demarcation do so with great trepidation." On the problems of non-favored companies trying to raise capital: nothing. On the problems of holdings so large they cannot be sold without severe losses: nothing.

Dire as the effects on the market are, actual bank control of corporations may be more serious. Technically, banks cannot own companies unless their business is closely related to banking; but under the Bank Holding Act of 1970, control of 5 per cent of a company's stock is considered "presumptive control." With that as a measure, Chase controls 27 corporations listed in the Senate report, including seven airlines, six railroads, CBS and ABC. This figure is probably high because, except for the broadcast companies, the holdings may include stock for which the bank does not have voting rights. Nevertheless, smaller holdings, the Senate report says, still give the banks considerable leverage over company policies.

Exactly how often they use that leverage is a well protected secret, but the study indicates that banks rarely vote against management: Disputes with management are more likely to result in selling shares. Since the effect of having one of your company's big stockholders dump its stock can be a drastic decline in stock prices, few corporate heads risk the battle or need to be reminded that banks control loan money as well. One company that crossed the banks, Leasco, got the full treatment.

Leasco's sin may have been the worst imaginable: the upstart conglomerate tried to take over a bank—in this case New York's Chemical Bank. Although the trust departments of Chase, Continental Illinois and Chemical itself had been buying Leasco stock before the takeover attempt became known, its stock quickly lost 25 per cent of its price. Into the battle came David's big brother, Nelson, who called on the legislature to give the superintendent of banking power to approve takeovers. The official reason for this was to keep the Mafia and other undesirables out. (The bill passed.) Even Nixon's Justice department got into the act, launching an investigation of Leasco. The conglomerate beat a hasty retreat. The banks may be ready to loan companies money to swallow other companies, as Chase did with Gulf and Western, but not to swallow one of their own.

Banks, in truth, have little to fear since, as the Senate report documents, they are on the top of a money pyramid. They own everyone below them and they own each other. Twenty-two of Chase's top 30 stockholders are bank trust departments. Chase even owns 1.5 million shares of its archrival, First National City (which in the past has been controlled by another branch of the Rockefeller family).

Another critical area of bank control over corporations that the Senate report, the Penn Central investigations and others have long questioned is interlocking directorates. In the Penn Central case, the railroad shared directors with nine banks. During the seven years before it filed for bankruptcy, the railroad paid \$215 million in dividends while the company lost \$2.5 million over the same time. One reason the House investigators of the Penn Central collapse suggested for the directors' seemingly irrational continuance of dividends was that the directors' banks' trust

## A CHALLENGE FROM [MORE]

### TO STUDENT WRITERS, REPORTERS, BROADCASTERS, MEDIA-WATCHERS

One of the most critical decisions we've made at [MORE] during two years of publishing has been the choice each year of the recipient of the A.J. Liebling Award for Journalistic Distinction. The award is made for a body of work over a career in journalism that sets the recipient apart from his colleagues. The first two recipients, I.F. Stone and Homer Bigart, embody the journalistic excellence we hope to encourage through [MORE].

Another of our aims is to encourage critical appraisal of the news business, and, equally, to encourage new aspirants to journalistic excellence. For both of these reasons, we've decided to offer a second award this year, the **STUDENT AWARD FOR MEDIA CRITICISM**.

All college and university students are invited to compete for the award by submitting an original, unpublished article written to the requirements outlined below. The article may be the work of an individual student or of a group. The best article, selected by the Editors of [MORE], will be printed in [MORE] and will receive our normal article fee. Runners-up may be printed as well.

The Student Award for Media Criticism will be presented at [MORE]'s Liebling III Counter-Convention in New York May 10 through 12, 1974, at the same time as the A.J. Liebling Award.

#### Basic Mission

1. To show how the media in your area are ignoring or inadequately reporting a *local* story of major significance.
2. To report that story with the thoroughness and tough-mindedness that the media ought to be showing.
3. To draw the broad implications from the specific story.
4. The subject is up to you, but could be politics, business, religion, institutionalized charity, publishing, communications, government, etc., etc.

#### Ground Rules for Articles

1. Careful, analytical scrutiny of the media's performance.
2. A well-documented exposé of the story itself.
3. No maximum or minimum length, but shoot for 4,000 to 6,000 words.
4. Strive for detailed reporting and crisp, tight writing.
5. The article must be original and unpublished.

**Deadline:** April 15, 1974 (no exceptions). Please mail entries to [MORE], PO Box 2971, Grand Central Station, New York, New York 10017.

**Eligibility:** All full-time college and university students may enter the competition either singly or in groups.

Good Hunting!



**STUDENT AWARD  
FOR  
MEDIA CRITICISM**

departments held large blocks of stock in trust and depended on that dividend income.

The present Chase board interlocks with Exxon, ARCO, and Standard of Indiana; it shares directors with GM and Chrysler (Henry Ford sits on the bank's International Advisory Committee). Chase also controls large blocks of stock in each of those companies. Do those shared directors give Chase an ear or a voice in those companies or are those the only men in the country qualified to sit on the Chase board, as Rockefeller has suggested? When a stockholder raised the issue of possible conflict of interest at the Chase 1972 annual meeting, the *Times* described the stockholder as a woman "who perenially plays the role of gadfly," noting that the challenge was greeted by laughter.

For most corporations and individuals, a bank's most immediate power over their lives is the decision on who gets loans. Presently, the American banking system is fragmented. If one bank refuses to give a loan, others may agree. Smaller community banks are often more sympathetic than the big banks. The system of local banks continues, in part, because until recently statewide branch banking has been limited and interstate banking virtually unknown. But the barriers are coming down. In 1976, New York will permit statewide branch banking and Rockefeller says Chase Manhattan Corporation, the holding company which owns the bank, is "moving rapidly toward establishing Chase throughout the state." The new banks Chase is buying have subtle names like Chase Manhattan of the Northern Tier so no one will doubt what they really are; technically they are now separate banks, but in '76 they will merge with Chase.

"It is a matter of big banks largely in big cities taking over big banks in little cities. In other words, the movement toward statewide domination in banking over a period of time by a few big banking systems," says Benet Gellman, counsel to the House Banking and Currency Committee. Bankers look beyond that to even bigger control. *Business Week* quotes bankers as predicting nationwide banking with domination by no more than a dozen big banks no later than the end of the century, possibly within ten years. When statewide banking, let alone national banking, becomes a reality, what is to stop Chase from taking money deposited in New York City and funneling it into the suburbs. As fewer banks exist, who will make the crucial decisions on who gets loans, what areas will flourish, what kind of housing gets built? During 1973, the papers recorded each new Chase acquisition as if they were isolated incidences. On Feb. 25, the same day the *Times* ran Rockefeller's "An East European Diary," the business section also devoted its Sunday business roundup to statewide banking without including New York.

**T**hen, of course, there are the poor. Banks, including Chase, refuse loans to the poor but give loans to finance companies which gladly loan to poor people at twice bank interest rates. Last year, Chase tried to go one step further and buy its own loan company, Dial Financial with offices in 33 states. In his speech to the stock analysts, Rockefeller said: "Dial will put us in the consumer financing business." But, the bank is already in the consumer loan business according to its 1972 annual report, which lists \$442 million in such loans—almost \$150 million more than Dial. The difference between Chase's consumer loans and Dial's is that even credit card interest is limited to 18 per cent while Dial loans can carry interest of well over 20 per cent. The *Times* and *Journal* carried stories on the proposed acquisition,

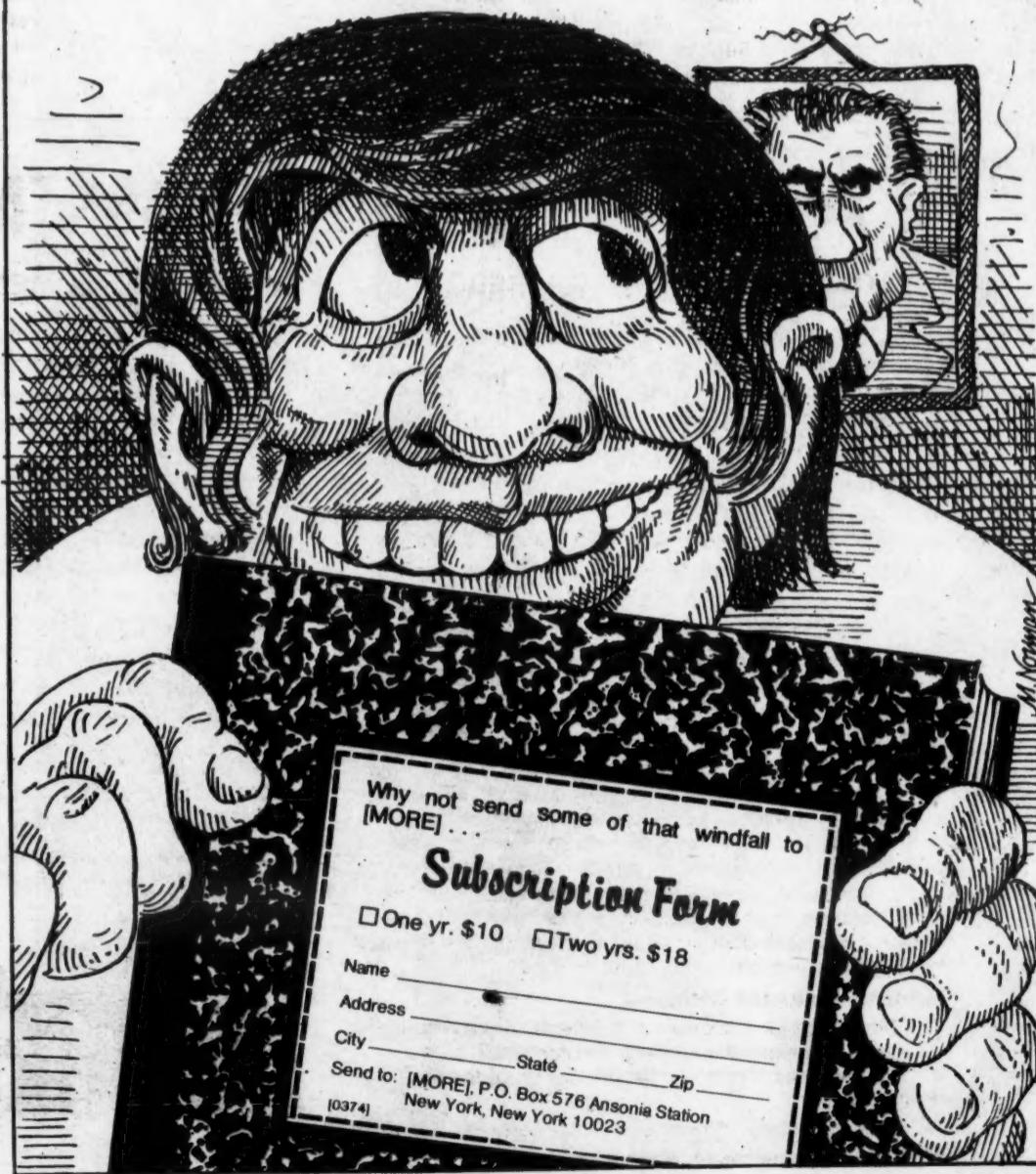
covering it as they would a new branch opening, just the facts, with no attempts to raise questions or get dissenting views. On Jan. 30 of this year, however, Chase got a dissenting opinion, the one that mattered. The Federal Reserve rejected the bank's application to acquire Dial, though the reason was reduction of competition rather than a concern about usury. The Chase president said he was "appalled" by the "shocking decision."

Not surprisingly, banks are quite adept at using power to get even more money for their own use. Most employers, for example, don't send employees' withholding taxes off to the government; they ask their bank to shift the money into the bank's tax account where the bank earns interest on it until the Federal Reserve withdraws it, one to 30 days later. Banks don't pay interest on this, they simply earn it. Presumably this money compensates them for services they provide the government without charge, such as cashing government checks and saving bonds. The sums are far from trivial: in 1971, Chase held an average daily balance of \$181 million in interest-free federal income taxes, and similar arrangements exist with the state and local governments. The banks claim

they make no money on the accounts, that they barely compensate them for the free services; but every time Congress has suggested collecting interest and paying banks for the services, the banks have killed the efforts.

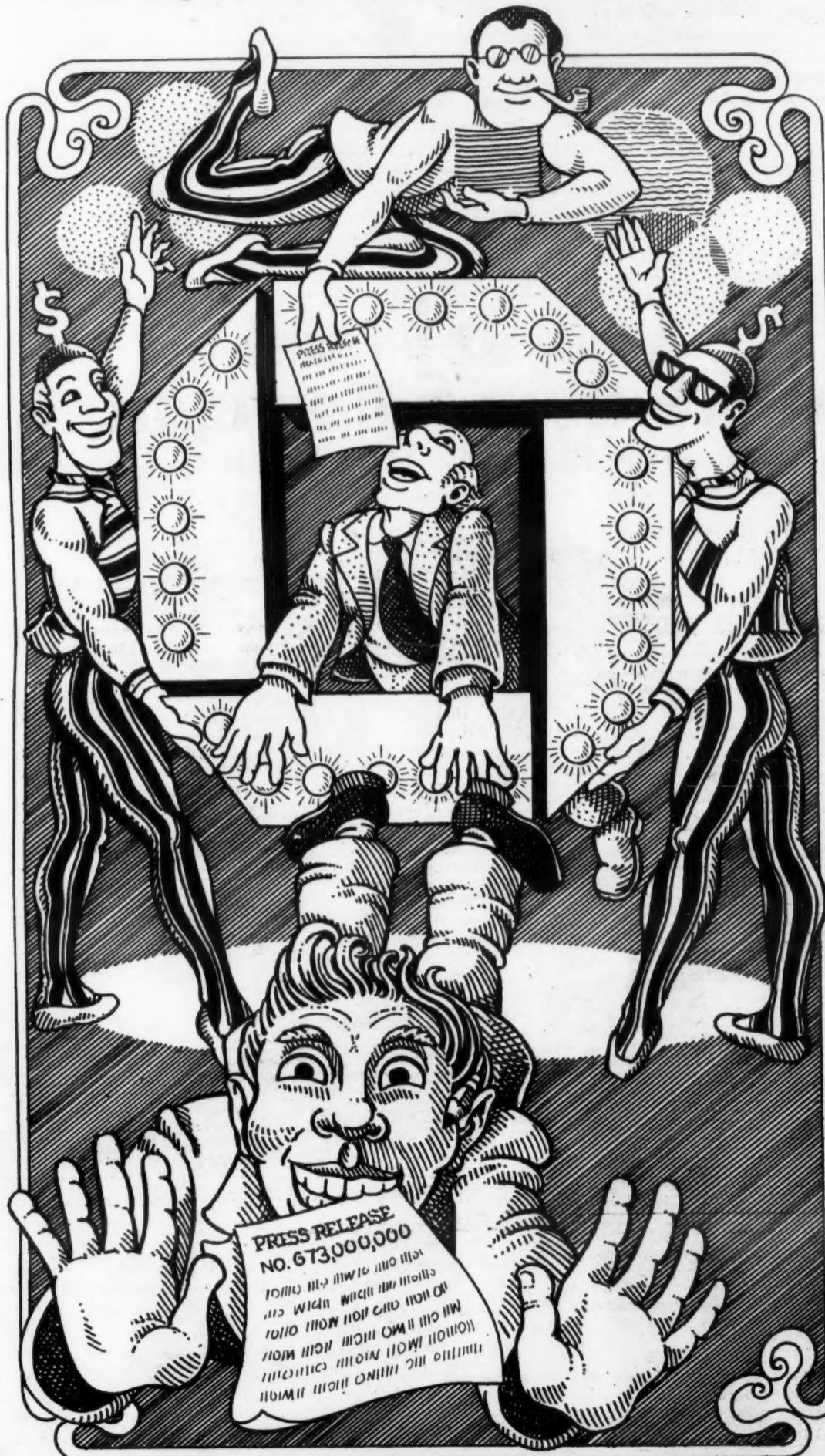
**C**hase Manhattan, of course, is not the only large bank in the nation. And David Rockefeller is hardly the only powerful banker. Nor, for that matter, is the banking establishment the only corporate force that the media treat gingerly. On the contrary, the private sector in general is almost never covered with any toughness or real understanding of the critical impact business decisions have on the country. Since banks in general, and Chase Manhattan in particular, are at the core of the economic system, the press ought to mobilize its own "standing armies" to investigate the terrain, rather than falling for David Rockefeller's claim that "to the extent that we have power we use it wisely and in the public interest."

## Taking a deduction on your seventh-grade notebooks this year?



# Anatomy of a Snow Job

**The media are hopelessly outclassed by the elite public relations corps of David Rockefeller and his Chase Manhattan Bank. By one estimate, the bank and its officials appeared in 18,215 print and broadcast stories in 1973.**



Marty Norman

BY DAVID RUBIN

It's good to know that banks are as insecure as the rest of us. Just to make sure that Chase Manhattan's public relations operation was as good as it seemed, the bank commissioned PR Data Systems, Inc., of Rowayton, Conn., to "scientifically" measure Chase's PR blitz for 1973. The 45-page report, "Computer Analysis of Press Exposure," assured all hands that the bank and its officials appeared in no less than 18,215 print and broadcast stories in 1973, a 100 per cent increase since 1969.

The U.S. wire services led the way, with AP moving 1,865 stories and UPI 998. Next came *The New York Times* with 248, *The Washington Post* (70), King Features (58), the *Christian Science Monitor* (49), Copley Press (38), Reuters (36), and Fairchild Publications (31), among others. A mere 2.9 per cent of these stories communicated a negative image to the public, according to the report.

The computer also traced some 222 press releases distributed by Chase and found they yielded a load of 2,631 stories. Among papers in New York City, 44 of the releases made their way into the *Times*; 24 into the *Post*; and 17 into the *Daily News*. Papers in Buffalo picked up 33; in Rochester 12; Syracuse 11; and Albany 5. The report boasted of some 65 page-one stories, magazine covers and editorials devoted to the bank, and another 410 three-column heads and photos.

Through some process of divination, the computer estimates that 2.3 billion people were reached with news of Chase in 1973—not different people, of course, but most of us over and over and over again. Perhaps the most interesting figures, however, are those which describe the exposure of various officials at the bank. President Willard C. Butcher's name, for example, was put before some 26 million people. Other officers had an audience of from 15 million to 34 million people. Far out in front was Chairman David, with exposure to 400 million people.

The strategy of public relations at Chase is reflected by this whopping discrepancy. David Rockefeller is the lightning rod at the bank. He is a public figure unlike any other bank chairman in the world. (Probably not one New Yorker in 1,000 knows the name Walter Wriston, chairman of First National City Bank, number one in New York to Chase's number two.) David deflects the heat of press attention from the bank itself, where it belongs, to the chairman, where it can be comfortably absorbed and cooled. For David himself is a skilled and careful communicator who, since his ascension to the top in 1969, has assembled a virtuoso staff of image-makers both inside and outside the bank. The journalist who approaches Chase through David is attacking its strength. He will be faced with "a fully structured situation" as one journalist puts it, which is difficult, if not impossible, to penetrate. He is walking into a trap.

The mechanics of David's protective shell were designed by the management consultant firm of McKinsey & Co. But the principles governing PR at Chase were laid down by the high priest and founder of corporate PR in America—Ivy Ledbetter Lee, or "Poison Ivy," as he was dubbed by Upton Sinclair in *The Brass Check*. Lee demon-

*David Rubin, an assistant professor of journalism at New York University, maintains a checking and savings account at the Chase Manhattan Bank.*

strated for all to see the value of PR by standing the image of the Rockefeller family on its head a half century ago. He successfully countered the insults of the Hearst and Pulitzer press, Ida Tarbell's muckrake history, and the cries of "tainted money" by deflecting public interest from Standard Oil to the lifestyles of John D., Sr. and John D., Jr., David's father. A Princeton man and the friend of Presidents Cleveland and Wilson, Lee was the first of many Rockefeller image-makers who were themselves highly cultivated and social individuals.

The line from Rockefeller, Sr., and Ivy Lee to grandson David is direct and significant. Lee was hired by the family (at \$1,000 a month) the same year David was born—1915. He knew the grandchildren and once advised young Nelson that it would be politically suitable for him to join a civic club in Westchester County. Lee was the friend and advisor of Winthrop Aldrich, David's uncle, who was head of Chase National Bank in New York, which would eventually take in David and his Ph.D. in economics from Chicago. Lee successfully steered Aldrich through the politically charged Pecora Committee hearings in 1932 on bank failures. He shrewdly instructed Aldrich to propose to the Senate Committee the very same banking reforms later adopted by Congress in the Glass-Steagall Bill. Unlike most of the neanderthal bankers appearing before the Committee, Aldrich was sensible and cooperative, and he was treated kindly.

The first proposition in Lee's manual required that the PR man be an integral part of decision-making, and no mere mimeo machine cracker or paper runner. David appreciates the value of PR and has adopted Lee's principle. For example, Chase's split prime interest rate, providing more generous terms for small businesses, was in part a PR decision, for which Chase President Butcher reaped much praise. Says one observer, "David wants to know the public impact of his bank's policies, and he wants to know it sooner rather than later." As a result, PR at Chase is more inclusive than at any other bank.

**T**wo General Hails guard access to David. Mr. Inside, who handles all bank matters, is 36-year-old Joseph Verner Reed, Jr. Mr. Outside, who organizes everything else (David is chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations, chairman of the Rockefeller University, vice-chairman of the Museum of Modern Art, a director of the Center for Inter-American Relations, a member of the Visiting Committee of the Harvard Graduate School of Business, and much more) is 31-year-old Richard E. Salomon.

Reed is Deerfield Academy and Yale, a governor of the River Club, and a member of The Links, The Metropolitan, and Buck's Club in London. He filled a similar corporate valet role for Eugene R. Black when he was head of the World Bank. Joseph's office is near David's on the seventeenth floor of the Chase Manhattan Bank Building in lower Manhattan. Reed is the architect of David's tight schedule, both at home and abroad. He has put a speechwriter in New York on a plane to San Francisco with David so they could hurriedly discuss an upcoming address. He decides how long journalists can interview the chairman, and who dines with him. He reviews speeches that David will make and letters going out over his signature. His fluency in foreign languages and his mastery of international protocol make him David's constant companion on foreign sallies, where he smooths out the vagaries of travel in Moscow or Peking. Reed carries a camera on these trips, and some of his photos wound up in a Sunday *Times* Business and Financial spread entitled "An East European Diary" (2/25/73) by David

Rockefeller—with editorial assistance by, but no credit for, the paper's John Lee.

Mr. Outside, Rick Salomon, heads David's personal staff on the fifty-sixth floor of 30 Rockefeller Center. Brothers John, Laurence and Nelson also have offices on this floor, as does the family's financial advisor, chief lawyer and chief accountant. The fifty-fifth and fifty-fourth floors are populated with Rockefeller real estate, tax and accounting employees. Salomon, Choate and Yale (Phi Beta Kappa), with a Columbia MBA, became David's administrative assistant in December, 1969, about a year after Reed joined David's staff. Solidly built and handsome, Salomon was a varsity halfback at Yale before a broken ankle did him in. Salomon estimates that about one-third of David's time is taken up with non-bank business, and he tries to ensure that this time is spent efficiently. (To

its dismay, the PR staff has been unable to defuse the press criticism that David spends too much time away from Chase on personal business.) He makes low-level administrative decisions for David at Rockefeller U. and other institutions, writes letters and speeches, and screens the myriad proposals that come David's way. Salomon notes that it is important to David that he personally keep on top of these outside responsibilities, and that they not become merely honorific. So Salomon rides herd on them all in David's absence.

**B**ack at Chase, one step closer to the press, are a quartet of image-making departments which, in theory, promote the bank, but in reality give much attention to the chairman. All four used to be directed by the senior vice president for corporate

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communications, Joseph T. Nolan, who left the bank recently to teach public relations at the University of South Carolina. Nolan, a fiery Irishman with a short temper who did his best in crisis conditions, was a trusted advisor and protector of David. More than one observer said he was a bit of a "yes-man," and that if David's advisors have any flaw, it is that they shield their boss too rigorously from bad news. Some months ago, when one of Nolan's underlings in community relations wrote a bitter, detailed letter of resignation to David, he snatched it off the chairman's desk before he could see it. Nolan then tried to fire the secretary who had typed up the letter (because she had not told him about it), and only her twenty years' seniority at the bank saved her. So close were Nolan and David that some saw, in his departure, other major changes coming at the bank—perhaps even David's departure. But this is emphatically denied.

No successor to Nolan has been named, which makes 33-year-old Peter Bakstansky, vice president and director of public relations, the highest Chase officer with daily responsibilities for dealing with the media. Bakstansky, who spent five years as Chase's PR man in Paris, is a former business reporter for the *American Banker*, the *New York Herald Tribune* and the *World Telegram and Sun*. For the past 19 months he has directed a 40-person operation that encompasses a four-man news bureau, a clip desk and daily news digest, a photo studio with four full-timers, a typically upbeat house organ, a customer complaint service, archivist, and an international PR operation in Hong Kong, London, and San Juan. His budget is \$1 million, including cash for Chase's art acquisition program.

Three rules seem to govern press relations at Chase. Rule One calls to mind Ivy Lee's gatekeeper role between the press and John D. Sr. and Jr., for which he was hated by the press. Interviews with bank officials must be set up through the PR department, and either Bakstansky or news bureau head Fraser Seitel will sit in and monitor the exchange. On more than one occasion Nolan raged at news bureau employees who did not follow this policy. Says one banking reporter, "Unless you know someone personally at Chase who is willing to talk, you just can't call up senior people and expect them to say anything."

Bakstansky sat in with Walter Cronkite for a two-hour filmed interview with David that was excerpted for *The Rockefellers*, CBS's puffy documentary last December. At one point David misunderstood a Cronkite question and answered incorrectly. After he had finished, Bakstansky pointed out the error and the sequence was re-shot. (It happened to be a banking question which ended up on the cutting room floor. CBS, like the other media, avoided the nitty-gritty of the bank and focused on the David lifestyle.) Tom Buckley, who was assigned to recount a day with David by *New York Times* metropolitan editor Arthur Gelb (11/7/73), was also accompanied by Bakstansky in his interview sessions with David, although he did have a session alone with David in the chairman's house.

Bakstansky must shield David from the scores of requests he receives for personal interviews. *The Wall Street Journal*, *Business Week*, the *Times*—they can get in. Others, particularly broadcast journalists, rarely do. The celebrated public television documentary "Banks and the

Poor," produced by Mort Silverstein in 1971, greatly disturbed David because it showed him to serious disadvantage in an intercut sequence with Rep. Wright Patman of Texas, a leading bank critic. The show was otherwise critical of Chase loan policy in ghetto areas. Silverstein is not welcome at Chase, and the suspicion of tape editing methods may have carried over to other broadcast journalists. (Bakstansky has a man on the staff experienced in broadcasting who is working on techniques to improve the bank's box score in radio and TV.)

Rules Two and Three cover the subjects on which Chase will not comment: new banking services they would like to keep secret until Chase is ready to announce them in its own way (see box); and any aspect of a relationship between Chase and a customer. This last covers a lot of territory, some of it trivial, most of it not, and it can be stretched to cover most of the bank's business.

When Arab oil sheiks were threatening to disrupt the U.S. economy by withdrawing demand deposits from U.S. banks, Chase and others in New York were queried by one reporter on the size of those deposits and whether there had been any recent movement. Chase and Citibank would say nothing to the press. Morgan Guaranty, Chemical, and Irving Trust stated that their Arab demand deposits were not large and that there had been no movement—that it appeared to be just Arab saber rattling.

The confidentiality rule is firm in matters of less consequence, too. When Michael Sklar, an actor who had appeared in a "You've got a friend at Chase" ad, applied for a business loan at Chase for his jewelry store he was turned down. He took his tale to several publications (*Time* and the *Times* were not interested), and it eventually made the wires, at which point queries poured in to Chase. The bank refused to discuss Sklar's case, despite the painful and ironic publicity, citing confidentiality of bank-client communications.

## Stop the Presses!

The day after Christmas—an editor's hangover. The daybook is empty. The wire machines burp cozy holiday stories. Everything is two-day old filler except the auto accident in Tucson. And what will the TV people do? What can they film? Who can they interview? Must we swallow an hour of talking heads?

Last Dec. 26, the media had a savior at Chase Manhattan. In two press releases, a daybook listing, and personal telephone calls the bank announced opening of the "Chase Convenience Center," a computerized money swallower and dispenser on the plaza level of Grand Central Station. Still pictures would be available from Chase at the site, as well as a live bank vice-president and a consumer education director. And passers-by to interview for reaction. The perfect banking story—no jumpy interest rates, messy interlocking directorates, or impenetrable trusts. Anyone can cover it. Everyone did.

Down to the plaza rolled camera crews from WOR, WNBC, and WABC. They all did the same story. "What about tellers?" "How do you rob this thing?" "How does it work?" "What do you think of this, sir? Just speak in here." *The New York Times* rewrote the press releases, sent Larry Morris to take a picture, and ran picture and story on the first page of the financial section. Honestly, Chase couldn't believe it, either. *The American Banker* ran it front page with a byline. The *Daily News* jazzed it up and ran it on page 16 with a picture taken by one of their own men.

Telegraph editors around the country must



Jan Jachniewicz

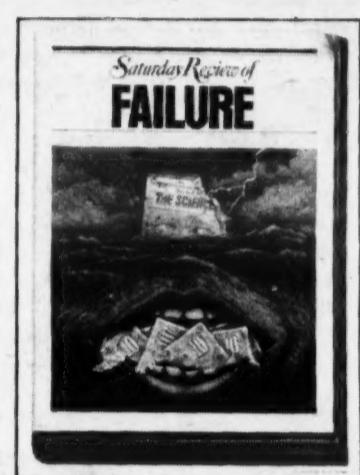
think national branch banking is soon to arrive, and Chase with it, because nine of them printed the story UPI spun out. And those are only the early returns from the Luce Clipping Service, which is six weeks behind keeping up with the mountains of puff for its client. Readers in Seattle, Kansas City, Sacramento, Omaha, Youngstown, Jacksonville, Washington, D.C. (the *Post* and the *Star-News*), and Providence were all given three to five inches on the automated center. Banks in some of those states already have the gizmos. It was big news, too, in *The Nihon Keizai Shimbun*—Japan's *Wall Street Journal*.

For those who may have missed the story, the banking center is open from 7 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday through Friday, and 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. on Saturday. Reporters accommodated anytime.

—D.R.

The three other PR departments (not under Bakstansky's control) are public affairs, advertising and promotion, and community affairs. Two Chase lobbyists, one full-time in Washington and one part-time in Albany, work out of public affairs. Most other banks rely exclusively on the American Bankers Association or a part-timer in Washington for their lobbying work. The bank's ad budget is up \$2 million in 1974, to about \$12.5 million. Chase will continue the familiar "Whatever you do for a living..." campaign. But chopped for "financial" reasons is the low-profile, consumer-oriented campaign aimed at poor people, which provided hints on applying for a loan, drawing up a will, managing a checking account. Community Affairs houses support troops for David's speech and letter-writing activities. Ostensibly these writers work for all bank officers, and in a pinch they will bat out a talk for someone other than David. But the demands of the Chairman absorb most of their time.

One man who recently left this operation says they knew David's speaking schedule "often a year in advance, and we knew on what topic he would need an address." Files were started for all the countries David would visit, and on all the topics on which he might have to comment. They prepared everything from toasts to major policy statements. Both Nolan and Reed would polish the drafts, and occasionally David would make a change. But not often. "We got to know his gentle pattern of speaking and his thought processes so well that we could predict almost scientifically his word choice." Under time pressure a speech is occasionally farmed out to writers at some other David enterprise. "Once we got a draft back from a



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foreign relations guy with the gung-ho phrase, 'The corporation is the highest system of development known to man.' We struck that out. David simply does not say things like that, even if he believes them, which he may not."

The half-dozen writers, he says, were "drowning in letters to David from heads of state, semi-important people, and the thousands who want money from a Rockefeller." "We respond in a low-keyed, modest, informal, but never loose, tone," he says. "Our style was sort of Monet or Debussy, if you can imagine it. David reads every letter that goes out over his signature." As an aid in drafting letters with a personal touch the staff consults a mammoth wheeldex of cards on everyone David has met, with reference to the date of the last meeting, the subject of conversation, and biographical information.

In all the letters this man saw while in David's employ, he cannot recall a single important policy statement over the chairman's signature. "Perhaps such letters were written by senior bank executives," he says. "But I doubt it. David never commits himself in a letter. The letters are almost unquotable. They seem to say something, but on second reading they don't. All he's really done is to answer your letter." This technique is central to David's public statements. For example, this marvelous two-step around a question from *U.S. News and World Report* on whether the U.S. should withhold most-favored-nation trade status from the Soviet Union unless Jewish emigration is permitted: "... I favor the free flow of people and ideas across national borders and the full development of every person's talents... If the most-favored-nation issue proves a stumbling block to a broader range of economic exchanges, we may lose a good opportunity to refashion the world along more rational and more co-operative lines."

**C**learly, the media is overmatched. They are the Columbia varsity up against a Chase public relations staff that in integration and preparation resembles the Miami Dolphins. At this point, the Chase team's winning streak is so long that the bank's PR men have taken to criticizing their opponent for its patsy performance. As one observer who has been on both sides of the scrimmage line notes, "You can't expect the bank to tell the press what kind of questions to ask."

## LETTERS

(continued from page 2)

police advisors like Mitrione working abroad in 17 countries.

I do not have any more recent information on U.S. covert operations abroad; unfortunately, the press does not pay too much attention to the area.

Of one thing I am sure, Dan Mitrione was not the super Peace Corpsman the American press painted him when he was assassinated. Maybe Schickel would like to believe he was improving traffic operations in Uruguay, but I am sure he was not. And it does not disturb me that *State of Siege* was made without any proof of what he was doing. It is a very important political film, regardless of the accuracy of it on a fact-by-fact basis. The thrust was correct and it was a valuable corrective to a vast warehouse of films that have portrayed the U.S. as a good neighbor.

—Steven d'Arazien  
Little Ferry, N.J.

# FURTHER MORE

(continued from back page)

that Ali had lost the capacity to dance for fifteen rounds.) And for failing to live up to my expectations, I punished Ali by conceding the fight to Frazier from the fourth round on.

So when I first began comparing impressions with people who had watched the fight on closed-circuit television, I was not especially surprised that they felt they had seen a different fight from the one I described to them. After all, everyone had seen a different fight from the one I saw. But when it began to dawn on me that TV viewers were more excited about the fight than even those "live" spectators who thought the fight had been a great one, I realized that something odd had occurred. The fight that had happened on television had not only been a different one, it had been a better one: a drama of closeups and artful camera angles, of loudly popping leather and audible curses, with sixteen—count 'em, sixteen—replays of the great Ali being floored in the final round.

Some of the reasons for the difference were later explained in an amusing book called *Garden of Innocents*, in which the two young men who produced "The Fight of the Century" for television described how they secretly wired the ring for sound, how they arranged their cameras in a crescent so as to take advantage of Ali's movement in the ring, and how they even hired stand-ins to stage a dress rehearsal. And indeed when I finally saw a tape of Superfight I on television the Saturday before Superfight II, not only did I find it superior to the "real" thing, I thought Ali might possibly have won after all.

So the para-Ali had taken leave of the real Ali to go his separate way and fight his separate fights. And when it came time to promote Superfight II, the para-Ali took over completely.

For now the medium of the written word was all but abandoned; all that was left for the press to write about was a transparently phony story about a possible injury to Ali's right hand. And soon the papers fell back to headlining Ali's television antics (in particular, an unscheduled wrestling match on ABC's *Wide World of Sports*, which, because it occurred on a slightly more serious level of reality than had the two fighters' other TV confrontations, seemed almost genuine...though not entirely). Now para-Ali seemed to be making love to the cameras—mugging, bluffing, prancing, admonishing, lecturing, shooting marbles on *Wonderama*, debating, conducting guided tours of his imitation-antique training camp as if he were Jackie Kennedy in blackface—and always with a sharp eye cocked on the studio monitors to see how his image was doing. (He was so aware of what the TV cameras were doing that not five seconds after the studio monitor flashed a split-screen picture of himself and Frazier, Ali had spotted it and was smirking and preening himself in a mock-comic effort to remind the audience that he was better looking than Frazier.) And the dizzying phoniness of it all seemed to come to a climax as one watched the *Dick Cavett Show* screened the Wednesday evening preceding the fight. For two days earlier one had read in the newspapers that Ali and Frazier were no longer speaking to one another (because of the confrontation they had had while earlier taping a show for *Wide World of Sports*). Yet here they were on the Cavett show behaving quite courteously to each other. And it took a moment to realize that

the Cavett show one was watching had been filmed earlier than that fateful *Wide World of Sports*. It took a moment to realize that television time was different from real time, and that para-Ali was different from the real Ali.

No wonder New York State Boxing Commissioner Edwin P. Dooley hadn't bothered to review the tape of the ABC sports show before fining the two boxers \$5,000 apiece for conduct "not in the interest of boxing;" obviously, Dooley too had ceased to believe in the reality of television and para-Ali; quite logically, he made his decision to fine the boxers in response to the newspapers' reports.

And so, when Superfight II finally happened, and I sat watching it from a seat in the Garden, I could not accept the sudden jolt of reality. I could not believe that the two images that had been filling the TV screen (and my imagination) for several weeks were now up there in the ring, looking ever so much like mortal human beings. I could not believe that para-Ali and para-Frazier, who had both grown invincible as their para-images developed, were now before us looking like two tired men.

And the special way that my incredulity affected me was that I couldn't come to grips with what was happening. I simply couldn't close the circuits between my eye and my mind. (I was missing the aid of television.) And so until the decision was finally announced, I hadn't the faintest notion who had won the fight.

And apparently, I was not alone. Collectively, the working press seemed equally confused. Dave Anderson, writing for the *Times*, filed a story that announced in its lead that Ali had won a unanimous decision, but left the impression in its blow-by-blow description that Frazier had been the overwhelming winner. Yet Larry Merchant, in a *New York Post* column, declared Ali the winner nine rounds to three, and added that "Ali gave a recital of boxing skills that neutralized and smothered Frazier."

Art Russ Jr., broadcasting on WINS shortly after the decision had been announced, thought it plain to the senses that Frazier had won. But Mark Kram, looking back a week later in *Sports Illustrated*, declared that "From the opening bell, Ali took command."

Of course, there are several more practical explanations for all this confusion. Depending how you looked at it, the fight could have gone either way. If you penalized Ali for holding, and if you credited Frazier for being the aggressor and for actually landing those whopping left hooks, then Frazier was clearly the winner. But if you gave Ali points for strategy and for landing more punches, and if you noticed that Frazier's hooks weren't really connecting, then you gave the fight to Ali. And speaking for my own indecision: I was rooting so hard for Ali that I felt I had to compensate for my bias; and while I thought Ali fought far better than he had in the first fight, and Frazier somewhat worse, I didn't think the difference in their respective performances was quite sufficient to reverse a judgment of the first fight that had led one judge to give the decision to Frazier 11 rounds to 4.

But still there was something else about this fight that made it difficult to accept as real. And I submit that this was caused by the tube. For me, Superfight II won't happen until I see it on television.

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## The Remaking of Muhammed Ali

BY CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUP

It's true that there's something unusually exciting about a heavyweight boxing match, especially one in which Muhammed Ali is a participant. But something went wrong with the one that took place in Madison Square Garden recently . . . and I think it was television's fault. Of course, the fight owed a lot to the tube. Television made the gate; it packed over 20,000 people into the Garden that Monday, Jan. 28, when the talking between Ali and Joe Frazier finally ended and the serious business began. Television filled closed-circuit theaters all over the world. And it earned the two contestants a pay scale that was dramatically reported in *The New York Times* to be \$72,000 a minute. But ironically, television also ruined the fight—for me, at least, and I don't think I'm alone.

How did television do this? Very simply, by

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt is a daily book critic for The New York Times and a long time Ali fan.

finally making Ali unreal. In the beginning—that is, when we first became aware of him as Cassius Clay during the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome (the first Olympics to be shown on television, fittingly enough)—Ali was pure newspaper copy, and as such he was delightfully real. A fresh, bright kid from Louisville, Kentucky, the papers said; a supremely talented boxer, though given to putting on fancy displays of footwork (what's this? we wondered as we were poring over the news from Rome), and so Olympic boxing officials were warning him that if he danced excessively in the ring, he would be disqualified.

And after Ali had won his gold medal, as he began his rise through the professional ranks, he remained a creature of the press. He wrote that doggerel for the press; he made up those slogans for the press; he mangled his opponents for the press; and for the press he predicted the rounds in which his opponents would fall. Even Arthur Daley found Ali beguiling, despite the boxer's tendency to have opinions that Daley couldn't understand. And it was all most provocative in print. Meanwhile, television stuck to showing us only the fights.

But then along came Howard Cosell and the prime-time talk shows, and suddenly another dimension of Ali was revealed—his mercurial personality, his unwillingness to be daunted, his considerable debating skills. There would come a moment during one of his TV appearances with Frazier, when Ali, animatedly expostulating on what he had had recently done to Frazier in the form of a boxing bag, would be interrupted by Frazier's down-to-earth observation that "a boxing bag don't punch back." Ali, all amazement, would stop talking and look at Frazier as if the earth had just stopped turning, and say: "Joe, do you want to tell the people now . . . do you seriously want to develop the point . . . that a boxing bag don't have hands?!!" It was a moment when the hearts of

**'In the beginning, Ali was pure newspaper copy. But he and television have now combined to create a new Ali, a para-Ali, an Ali with too much hambone in him.'**

even Ali's most loyal admirers had to go out to Frazier.

But most of all, television caught Ali's mastery of the put-on, his tongue-in-cheekiness. And as television came to understand Ali, and he to understand television, the two of them seemed to join hands to create a new Ali, a sort of para-Ali, an Ali with too much hambone in him, and an Ali one could no longer take seriously. And the promotion campaign that preceded the second Ali-Frazier fight put the finishing touches on that new Ali.

But even before the second fight's build-up, there had been the first fight—Superfight I, or The Fight, as it has variously been called—and that too had contributed to making Ali seem less real.

I saw that first fight "live" in Madison Square Garden, and, for reasons I'll admit are a shade obscure, I found it extremely disappointing. I had gone to see a fight that I had already staged in my imagination: in it a youthful Cassius Clay had danced all night and picked Frazier apart with his snaking left jab. In contrast, reality produced a ponderous Ali who insisted on trying to slug it out with Frazier toe to toe. (Most of us didn't know yet

(continued on page 22)

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